Saturday Review

July 31, 1965 25¢

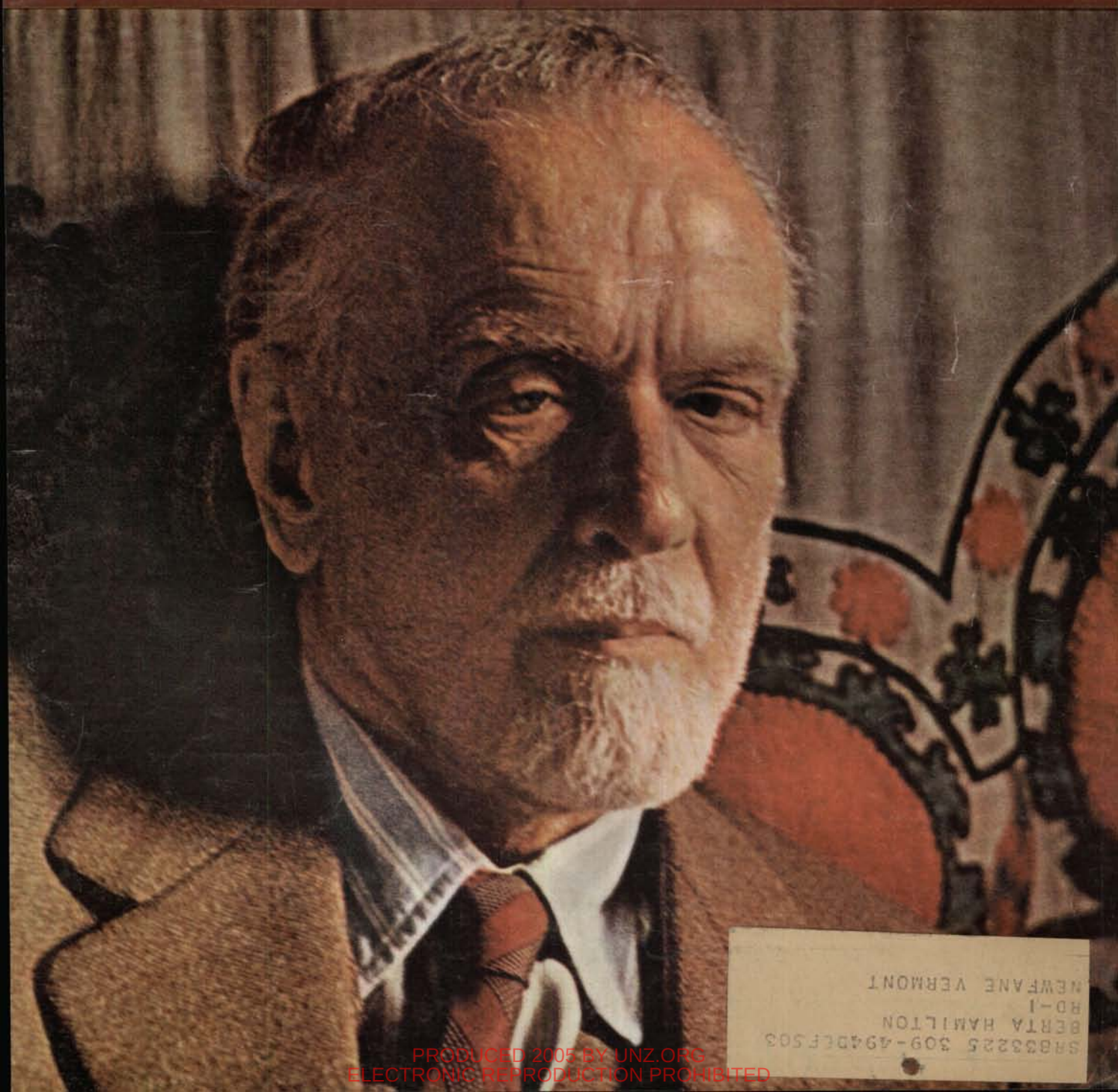
RECORDINGS

Our Depleted Society:

BEHIND THE MASK OF SUCCESS

By Seymour Melman

Zoltán Kodály, Hungarian composer, now visiting America (see Recordings)



NEWFANE VERMONT
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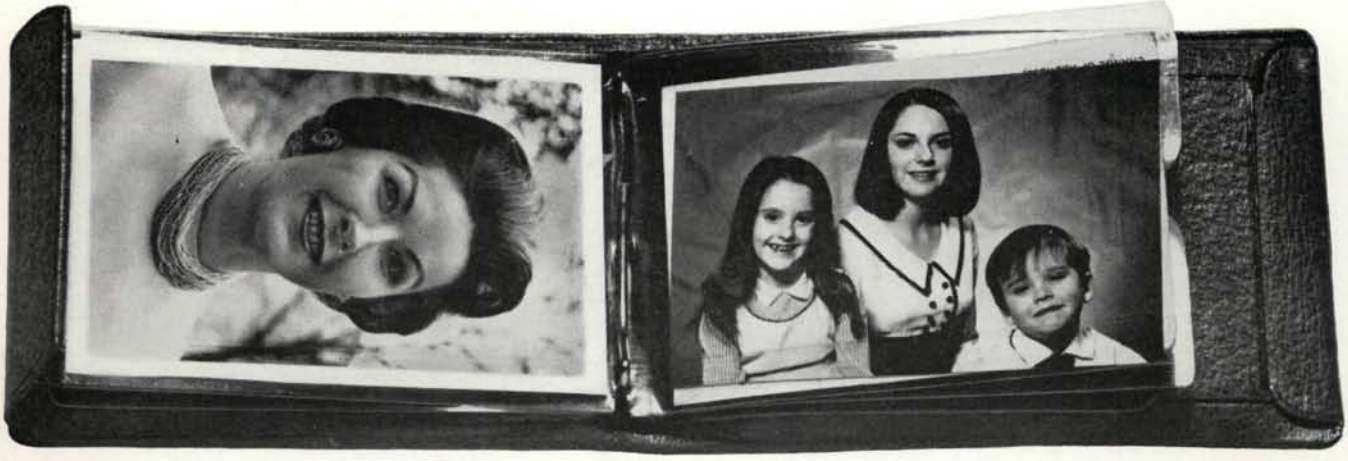
American Airlines' new family fares:



1/3 off for her

2/3 off for them

It's sort of a bring-the-cost-of-a-flying-vacation-down-to-earth plan.

Here's the way it works: Families who fly Royal Coachman get a special discount from noon Monday to noon Friday. The husband pays full fare, as usual. But his wife gets to go for 1/3 off. And the children—that means anyone 21 or younger—get a full 2/3 off. (Of course, a child under 2 still goes free.)

That means a one-way ticket between, say, New York and California would cost a husband $145.10, before taxes. But his wife's ticket would cost $96.80, and the children's tickets only $48.40 each. For a family of four, that's about $85 per person.

And if you have a BankAmericard, American Express, Diners' Club or Carte Blanche credit card, we won't even ask for cash. So call us and find out exactly how little it costs to fly *your* family where they want to go. (You can get special weekend discounts, too.)

Or see your travel agent. He knows as much about it as we do.

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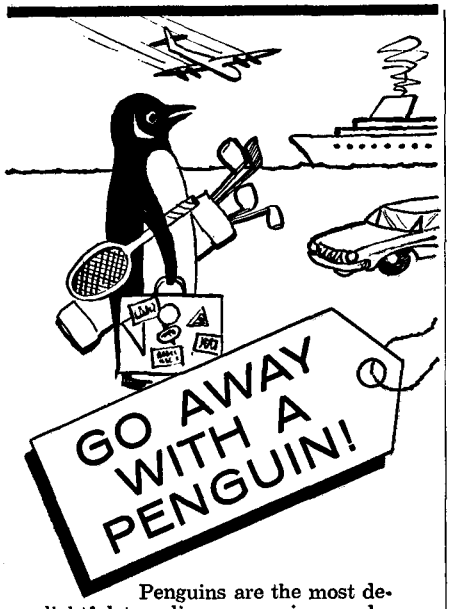

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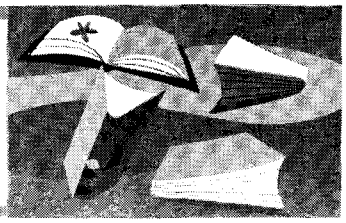
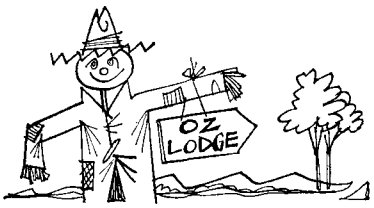
Trade Winds



Well, the International Wizard of Oz Club has held another convention at Oz Lodge, Bass Lake, Indiana. Forty of the club's 375 members attended the three-day affair, including one loyal Ozonian from the Virgin Islands. The lodge is owned by Harry Neal Baum, only surviving son of L. Frank Baum, the man who wrote thirteen of the forty Oz books. The club was founded eight years ago by a thirteen-year-old Brooklyn boy, Justin Schiller, with sixteen charter members from all over the country. The club's major activity now is individual research and collection of Oziana, most of which is reported in the *Baum Bugle*, a magazine published thrice annually.



There is so much Oz lore being turned up by the club that it may never end. There are sought-after first editions of Baum's books; there are missing reels from old films; there are serious discussions over the exact location of the Land of the Munchkins; and there are attempts to complete a collection of the foreign editions of Oz books, which have been translated into at least twenty languages.

To some people the convention might sound like a gathering of specialists. When reporter Joseph Haas asked Fred M. Meyer, club secretary, his age, the reply was, "I was born in the year of *The Hungry Tiger of Oz*." Haas finally found out that makes Meyer thirty-nine. One of the questions at the Oz Quiz was: What is the full name of the Wizard of Oz? The answer is, Oscar Zoroaster Phadriz Isaac Norman Henkle Emmanuel Ambroise Diggs. The initials spell "Oz Pinhead." That information and its significance can be found in the fourth book, *Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz*. If you want to join this kind of fun for a mere $2 a year, you can get in touch with Fred Meyer at 1620 First Avenue South, Escanaba, Michigan.

When I mentioned a couple of months ago that St. Albans, Vermont, was the northernmost location to have been involved in a Civil War battle, that was only a part of the story. The rest of it is briefly this: a Lieutenant Bennett and twenty other Confederate prisoners escaped from a prison camp near Chicago and fled to Canada. Later, dressed as hunters, they recrossed the border into the United States and raided St. Albans, where they robbed two banks of a lot of money, shot and killed one of their pursuers, and fled back to Canada where they were safe.

The Vermonters were outraged and indignant, their feelings only slightly mitigated by the eventual surrender of General Lee and a Union victory. As the years went by, however, the citizens of St. Albans began to be grateful that Lieutenant Bennett and his raiders had chosen St. Albans, and not some neighboring village, because tourists were flocking to see the only place in New England that had been invaded by the Rebs. Matters reached the point where, as the fiftieth anniversary of the raid approached in 1914, the Chamber of Commerce decided to invite the villain himself, former Lieutenant Bennett, to come North from Louisville and celebrate the event. (He was by then being referred to as "Colonel.") He was guest of honor at a luncheon and was royally feted.

At the centennial of the St. Albans raid, by that time one of the most renowned historical memories in New England, Lieutenant Bennett was not with us. However, his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Bennett Heavey, was and she traveled from her home in Tulsa to St. Albans, where she led the parade and made a speech to the townspeople, many of whom were dressed in Confederate uniforms, after which everyone arose and pledged allegiance to the Confederacy. This was in August, 1964, a convenient date for luring tourists who like centennials but not strictly abiding by the facts as the actual raid was in October, 1864.

The following paragraph appeared last year in Little Rock's *Arkansas Gazette* and Mrs. John Peterson just got around to sending it to me:

> Queen Mother Elizabeth, walking without help, left a London hospital where she underwent an emergency appendectomy twelve days ago to the cheers of bystanders.

Sharps and Flats: One of the inducements for taking up "Speedwriting," a simplified form of shorthand, is described in its advertisement: "Even adults can learn."

► Robert M. Feinstein, a New York guidance counselor working with high school drop-outs, says the trouble with them is not that they cannot see the handwriting on the wall, but that they cannot read it.

► Two little Teutons, Hans and Fritz, were on a picnic with their mother. When they reached the edge of a great precipice, Fritz pushed his mother over the side and called to his brother, "Look, Hans, no ma!"

► Jean-Paul Sartre just *thinks* he turned down the Nobel Prize. The latest edition of the French *Who's Who* lists him as the winner, adding that "this honor is irrevocable."

► In Berkeley, California, you can take an evening course in sky diving. Jim Newhouse wonders if you must provide your own flares.

► When Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ellis of Leawood, Kansas, returned from Europe on a TWA jet plane, there was background music. As the plane came

in for a landing at Kennedy Airport, the tune to be heard was "With a Little Bit of Luck."

► A young Canadian resident of our country told me she would apply for American citizenship as soon as someone could explain to her the difference between the Democrats and Republicans. It's been eight years and no one has yet been able to do so.

► An ad in the Boston *Herald*: "See 'The Littlest Hobo,' The World's Most Fabulous Dog! In Person!"

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1633)

(Lately) Thomas:
SAM WARD, "KING OF THE LOBBY"

"You start for Odessa and land in Vienna," the banker despaired. "I therefore when you propose for home, may look for accounts of you from the South Pole!" Sam sensed that it was indeed time he should start for Wall Street and "servitude"; so he ordered out the britzka and chose the longest way home.

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Franco Corelli is six feet two. So is every note he sings.

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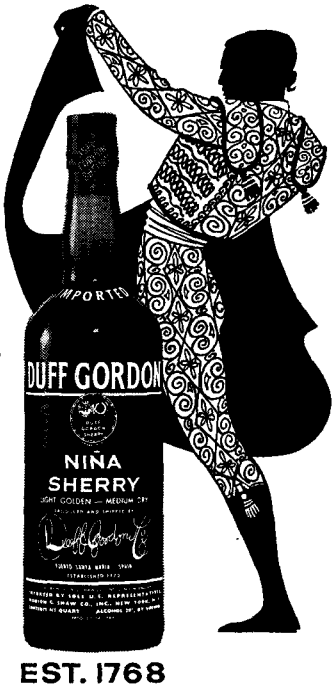

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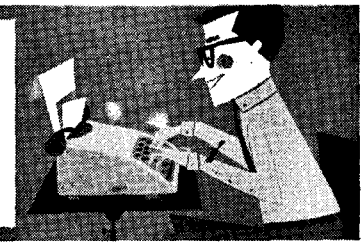

Not My Cup of TV

DID YOU happen to watch *CBS Reports* the night when a group of grownup, important men seriously discussed the pros and cons of the Nielsen ratings? You didn't? Well you sure missed it. You should have kept the kids up for it too. Because Mr. A. C. Nielsen showed us the cutest little gadget.

It's a tiny cartridge of film, oh about three or four inches square, and it records the programs you watch. And when you attach it inside your set and pull a lever, what do you think happens? Two bright, shiny, non-taxable quarters drop out.

Now there are 1,130 of these gadgets in sets across the country spewing double-quarters at people who are fortunate enough to have been elected vice presidents in charge of what TV programs we may watch. At two quarters a set that comes to a grand total of $565. This $565 is the tail that wags a multi-million-dollar dog. And that's what this program was all about.

It was a well written and produced program by Joseph Wershba. If Mr. Nielsen was under the impression that it would show up his rating system for what it is, he was right. A soft spoken, benign gentleman, Mr. Nielsen smiled tolerantly at all the invectives cast at his little loaded-with-quarters slot machines on which no lemons ever show up. He admitted that 1,130 gadgets did not represent the most accurate sampling of 52,000,000 TV sets. And he hinted that if they let him quadruple his gadgets he could get twice the accuracy. Or as sagacious Jack O'Brian in the *Journal-American* added, "Doesn't that indicate it now is only half as efficient as it should be?"

Personally I think Mr. Nielsen has something there—quadruple the number of gadgets and double the accuracy. Of course this would mean that the Nielsen company would be assessed quite a few more quarters. But it would be better that the half-assessed system we have now.

One man who appeared during the hour was Mr. Robert Stuart, a sponsor. He spoke forcefully in favor of the ratings. He said he had "complete confidence in Nielsen." He almost convinced me until he told us what program he sponsored. It's *Bewitched*. And that show has been in the top ten of the ratings all season. He was asked a lot of controversial questions and he answered them glibly and with a lot of decimal points to back up his arguments. His product is Quaker Oats. You have to get up pretty early in the morning to beat a man who makes Quaker Oats.

I've been a non-Nielsen fan for years. But that was before I knew about these gadgets and all those quarters. I'd be the last one to deprive so many people of that source of income. The Nielsen rating booklets compiled from the gadgets should continue to be distributed, but with the added suggestion of the Federal Trade Commission, which recently recommended that the report be published with a warning label similar to the one the cigarette package will carry beginning January 1: "Caution: cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health."

I will be happy to furnish such a Nielsen label:

Caution:

These ratings are not completely accurate and should be taken with a grain of aspirin.

They may become habit forming and may tend to lower the cultural level.

They should be taken in dosage of no more than two quarter-grain capsules for each publication.

During reading there may be a tendency toward nausea. If this occurs give up.

In advertising men, other symptoms that may appear are palpitation, slipped disc, falling hair, a feeling of drowning, a feeling of elation, and menopause.

If dizziness occurs and things begin to disappear before your eyes this is know as Novakitis. This is a Nielsen syndrome and there's nothing much you can do about that.

Readers are warned to stay away from high, open windows.

After continuous usage some readers may become super-sensitive to ratings. To offset any ill effects these readers should combine the Nielsen dosage with a local anesthetic known as Arbitron.

If a sponsor with a highly rated program should read these ratings at bedtime, a feeling of exultance may develop insomnia. To relieve this sense of jubilation he should tune in his show.

As soon as apathy sets in he should turn it off. —GOODMAN ACE.

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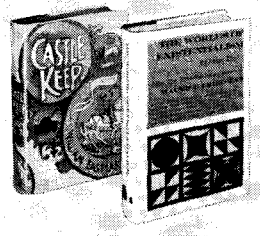

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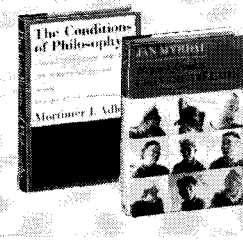

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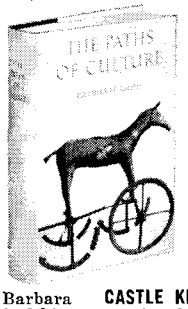

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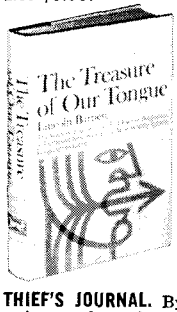

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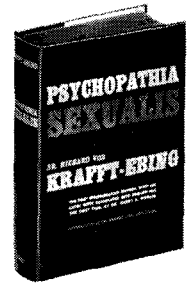

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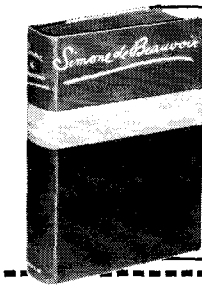

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Saturday Review
July 31, 1965

Our Depleted Society

BEHIND THE MASK OF SUCCESS

Has the quality of life in an affluent society kept pace with its economic growth?

By SEYMOUR MELMAN

ONCE UPON A TIME the United States was the standout performer, world-wide, as a vigorous, productive society, exceptionally strong in basic industries and in mass-producing consumer goods. American design and production methods set world standards in many fields.

These qualities have been the basis for a confident ideology which proclaims that the combination of technical excellence and money-making incentives is the key to growing affluence for all.

But the United States now is the scene of a drama different from that implicit in her confident ideology. A process of technical, industrial, and human deterioration has been set in motion within American society. The competence of the industrial system is being eroded at its base. Entire industries are falling into technical disrepair, and there is massive loss of productive employment because of inability to hold even domestic markets against foreign competition. Such depletion in economic life produces wide-ranging human deterioration at home. The wealthiest nation on earth has been unable to rally the resources necessary to raise one-fifth of its own people from poverty. The same basic depletion operates as an unseen hand restricting America's relations with the rest of the world, limiting foreign-policy moves primarily to military-based initiatives.

This deterioration is the result of an unprecedented concentration of America's technical talent and fresh capital on military production. While United States research programs for civilian purposes are grossly understaffed, and many industries do virtually no research at all, more than two-thirds of America's technical researchers now work for the military. We have constructed the most awesome military organizations in human history, with the power to destroy what we call civilization on this earth, a power which rational men dare not use. Military extravagance has been undermining the world value of the dollar and with it the world banking position of the United States.

The price of building colossal military power, and endlessly adding to it, has been the depletion of American society, a process now well advanced in industry, civilian technology, management, education, medical care, and the quality of life. The prospect of "no future" has become a permanent part of government security policies that depend mainly on the threat of using nuclear weapons. Never before were men made to feel so powerless, so incapable of having a voice in their own fate.

The action necessary to restore United States competence as a productive society will be an urgent issue in American life until at least 1985. Many Americans are probably unprepared for such a task. That is because the ordinary, well-regarded criterion for judging a society—making more money—tells us that America is successful, even allowing for the existence of the poor.

Economic growth has been widely trusted as the yardstick of well-being; too little attention has been given to the quality of the growth, to economic health. Growth can include parasitic and malignant processes, as well as those that are healthy and productive. Depletion in America, like the increasing inability of many industries to hold their own in competitive markets, is mainly the result of parasitic growth. Replacing this with productive growth is the essential process of reconstruction for America.

By the test of income and the value of goods and services produced, the United States, in 1963-64, was clearly the front-running nation in the world. During 1964 the total value of all goods and services produced in the United States was over $600 billion. In 1963 the average value of goods and services per person in the United States was $3,000.

WHAT has become critical for America is the quality of this economic growth. How much is healthy and how much is parasitic? Which parts add to the level of living and to further production, and which parts deplete the quality of life?

The federal government's Selective Service Administration, since the Second World War, has maintained a set of minimum standards, physical and educational, for acceptability of men into the armed forces. By these standards, 30 per cent of the young men examined by Selective Service during the Second World War were rejected. Twenty years

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Seymour Melman, author of *The Peace Race*, is a professor of Industrial Engineering at Columbia University. This article is a preview of his forthcoming book, *Our Depleted Society* (© 1965 by Seymour Melman), which Holt, Rinehart & Winston is publishing this week.

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later, in 1963, the same standards produced a rejection rate averaging 50 per cent. The meaning of this danger signal for deterioration in physical and educational competence among our youth was appreciated by senior officials of the federal government, and President Kennedy named a commission to study this development.

In 1950, for every 100,000 Americans, there were 109 physicians in practice. By 1955 this number had declined to 102; in 1960 it was 98; and by 1963 there was a further drop to 97. During the same period, the United States imported physicians trained elsewhere in the world. And so 1,600 foreign physicians came to the United States in one year, 1963, representing the equivalent output of sixteen medical schools. Their presence has saved the United States from a sharp crisis in medical services. From 1950 to 1963 there were modest increases in the number of doctors graduated in the United States. But they fell far short of the growth in population, with the result that the availability of medical service in this nation has declined.

In the wealthiest country in the world, 1,500,000 school children attend grossly overcrowded classes and schools. Twenty-two million Americans are classified as "functionally illiterate," not having completed eighth-grade education. And the National Education Association estimate of the number of teachers required as of September 1964 to relieve the shortage—118,000—does not even begin to cope with the problem of satisfactory education for our functional illiterates, essential job retraining, and the vast problem of helping millions of Americans overcome disadvantages of segregated education.

Where are the potential physicians and the potential teachers?

An announcement by the Atomic Energy Commission gives us a clue. On December 26, 1964, the AEC publicized a program to recruit for management, technical, engineering, and accounting intern training programs outstanding college students receiving degrees in June 1965. In the technical-intern program, for which a master's degree or equivalent in science or engineering is required, the starting salary is $7,950 per year and increases to $8,935 per year—all of this within the framework of an AEC job-training program.

Compare this with the position of teachers and physicians after five years of college training. During 1964 the average teacher's salary in American elementary and secondary schools was $5,963. The starting salary was obviously less than that. I do not know of any school system with a program of teacher internship that approaches the salary level offered by the Atomic Energy Commission. What is the status of a physician in training after five years of college? At that point he is looking forward to another five years of medical school and hospital training—at no salary at all while a student, and at bare subsistence salary while an intern.

The program announced by the Atomic Energy Commission illustrates the system of rationing by salary which has been in operation in the United States, and which has siphoned off a large proportion of talented young people to the service of the defense-space complex. Similar salary differentials between military and civilian work show up in various engineering fields. Military contractors, or the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, offer substantially higher rewards, thereby attracting many of the most talented people.

Whatever worth may be attached to the defense and space program, this much is clear: The work of these men, when completed, does not, by its very nature, contribute to economic health, or to further production. From an economic standpoint defense work expends only manpower and materials. That is why the growth of defense work is parasitic growth, regardless of the fact that the workers buy groceries and services with their salaries. Since we use about two-thirds of our prime technical research talent for military-oriented work, the result is a short supply of comparable talent to serve civilian industry and civilian activities of every sort.

Money and manpower continue to be poured into military and related work, creating a superabundance of killing power without precedent. The armed forces of the United States now have six times as many intercontinental missiles and intercontinental airplanes as the Soviets. The U.S. strategic aircraft and missiles alone are able to deliver explosive power equivalent to six tons (12,000 pounds) of TNT per person on this planet. But the overkill continues to be piled up. Defense and space budgets continue to take more than half of our tax dollars each year. Now that we have six tons of TNT per person in our strategic missiles and aircraft alone, have we become more secure than when we had only one ton of TNT per human being on earth? Will we become more secure when we can deliver eight or ten tons of TNT per human being?

THERE is little doubt about other effects from the incessant and costly pile-up of overkill in America's armed forces. By draining the finite stock of technical talent, the overkill program has depleted our education and health services. The rationing of talent plus capital has resulted in the depletion of entire basic industries in the United States—reducing employment of every sort for Americans, making the United

"Come on everybody—we're going to sing 'We Shall Overcome.'"

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States incompetent in important industrial areas, compelling reliance on foreign sources of supply, and contributing to decay in the quality of our lives by closing off many possible opportunities for productive employment for our young people.

Americans must begin to face the bitter fact that, in many areas of industrial technology, the United States has already become second-rate and that this condition promises to be epidemic if the present concentration of talent and capital on piling up overkill is continued.

In order to learn how to design and operate really high-speed railroad systems it is now necessary to send a technical mission to Japan to see how it is done. Ditto to Poland and Russia to learn about advanced fishery technology. Similarly, European countries, after the Second World War sent productivity teams to the United States to observe technological methods which they might usefully apply to improve the productiveness of their own industry.

America's twenty major shipyards in 1964 had under construction only 40 merchant ships, totaling 615,000 tons. In the Soviet Union, 673 merchant ships totaling 6,450,000 tons were under construction, or under order. The merchant fleet of every major maritime country in the world—except our own—has been expanding during the last twenty years. In the United States, and in the United States alone, there has been a persistent decline in the size of the merchant fleet and a failure to replace aging vessels.

Merchant vessels are important industrial products. They are required in large numbers by a major industrial society that exports $25 billion worth of goods, as the United States does. In other major maritime countries, between 30 and 50 per cent of the foreign trade is carried by ships under the nation's flag. But of the goods flowing from the United States, only 9 per cent is now carried in American flagships. This means a decline in jobs for American seamen and declining employment in shipbuilding; it also feeds back into many other industries. Ships require engines, turbines, generators, instruments of many sorts, steel plates, cargo-handling equipment, navigation devices, communications equipment—all, in turn, the product of diverse industries.

Why has the United States shipbuilding industry not been a competent producer of merchant ships? American and foreign shipowners still buy ships, but they do not buy them in the United States. The essential reason is this: The American shipbuilding industry has been unable to compete with the costs and prices of shipbuilders abroad.

Many are quick to say that this uncompetitiveness is due to the high wages paid to American workers. The dramatic fact, however, is that the automobile industry in the United States pays the highest automobile wages in the world, and has also been producing in its low-price lines the cheapest cars in the world measured in price per pound of fabricated vehicle. This was made possible in the auto industry by sustained application of modern production engineering, but it has not been done in the shipbuilding field. This means that the shipbuilding industry has not been introducing in the design of the product and the method of manufacture the technology that would enable it to offset the wages to American workers by high productivity of labor and capital.

During the Second World War, Henry Kaiser operated shipyards at Richmond, California, where 7,000,000 tons of merchant ships valued at $1.8 billion were manufactured in an astonishingly short time and at remarkably low cost. Seven hundred Liberty ships, each of about 10,000 tons capacity, were produced at an average cost of thirteen cents per pound of vessel. Ships were launched at the rate of one per day. High-productivity manufacturing techniques were widely applied by the Kaiser shipyard operation. What happened to all of these high-productivity techniques? Apparently these ideas were promptly scrapped by the shipbuilding industry at the end of the war and we were left with an industry that has become technically retarded.

In the United States, a shipbuilding worker was paid about $3.05 an hour in 1964. In Sweden the wage to shipbuilding workers was $1.62 an hour. This means that in order to be competitive with Swedish shipyards American firms must install and utilize production methods which would make the man-hours of American workers about twice as productive as those of Swedish workers.

This is feasible from an engineering standpoint, but the managers of America's shipbuilding industry have not done it. They have been oriented primarily to serving the United States Navy as a principal customer. Ships for the Navy, like destroyers, are produced at a cost of about $5 per pound, and Polaris submarines at $12 per pound. By contrast, a commercial tanker must be manufactured at a cost of twenty cents per pound, or less if possible. By concentrating on military work where cost is of lesser importance, and by concentrating technical talent in the cost-doesn't-matter department as well, the shipbuilding industry has become commercially noncompetitive on the world market. This condition will not be altered until there is a transfer of talent and capital from the military to the civilian sphere.

Until now, there has been no major intervention by any private or public body to save the American shipbuilding industry. From the side of the government, the major requirement—building up defense—is being satisfied. That is where the talent and the capital have been going. The fiction that the private shipbuilding firms should fend for themselves in a competitive market is maintained despite the fact that the government, through the Defense Department, has long been the main customer and thereby the main decision-maker for the size and the character of American shipbuilding firms.

Americans have grown up believing

(*Continued on page 29*)

"Don't forget—Wednesday is your anniversary."

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AN ALPHABESTIARY—PART V

the WEREWOLF, like many another
fragment of mythology, is no lie
but a transposition of impulse to
legend. "Manwolf" the name signifies.
And if there is no such wolf, there are,
certainly, such men under every moon
we entirely waken to.

Who does not
remember lying lit by his change
to first dark, his mind already loping
through a forest like home, while the scruff
thickened and low in the throat
his name began to form?

We do
change back with a shrug at last,
but it is not for nothing we left
in the first place, knowing our way
wherever we went to dark tangles,
feeling the scent and our pace quicken
as we closed on that certainty
one shadow beyond us forever.

is for interseXion,
the point at which any two
trails meet. If, for example,
a skunk leaves a strong trail
running roughly northwest,
and a bobcat crosses it
from, roughly, southeast, X
marks the spot at which
the bobcat in all probability
continues on its own course.

If, on the other hand, the trail,
even though it be somewhat
weaker, is left by a lamb, X
will almost certainly mark a
change of course for the bobcat.

It is not so much the emphasis
that you place on your passing
as the invitations you suggest by it
that may create a following.

must, of course, be YOU, assuming
that you have stayed with the present essay
up to this point.

You and I are in this
together, whether you know it or not.
To continue in a spurious language,
I might say, "the function of I is You,"
meaning, in a possibly genuine sense,
that unless you have the function of your
You-ness, I have nothing to witness
to you, and have (though happily enough)
been passing my time whittling
no more than shavings.

So be it—
as some men play golf, I shall call this
my exercise. As with golf, to take it
seriously would be absurd. Not to take it in
some way would be to forego too many a good
walk nowhere.

In this sense, you are
an aspect with which I play, caring nothing
for the score, and gladly begging to be
conceded all putts, as I concede yours—
which is to say, in self-seeking generosity.

is not for zebra, but for ZOOLOGY,
Since our effort herein has been to achieve
the inclusive view rather than any
particular stripe, we are firm on this point.

Habit has its own animals and will cling
to them, but perception concerns all beasts.

Therefore Zoology, which is the science
most like a looking glass, teaching us
resemblances, when we learn to face them.

—JOHN CIARDI.

"Now both the Ford Foundation and I are through with you."

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Memories of A. E. S.

IT WAS during the 1952 Presidential campaign and it happened in Springfield, Illinois. He had been nominated barely a week when a regiment of pressure-packed lobbyists zeroed in, brandishing their special-interest voting power. The freshly assembled team of Stevenson aides, many of them new to national politics, adroitly sheltered their chief without unduly antagonizing the wheeler-dealers. But there arrived on the scene one of the most powerful politicos in the Texas Democratic Party. He sought Governor Stevenson's support for private ownership of offshore oil rights.

Clearly, this was one case where a direct meeting with the candidate couldn't be averted. Texas was the key to the Southern vote. Stevenson met alone with the Texas politico. Meanwhile, the Governor's aides, glum and apprehensive, maintained a vigil in the adjoining office, every now and then sending in a note suggesting some special angle or idea for compromise.

After about two hours, the Texas politico was the first to emerge. He stared straight ahead, walked directly to his car, and drove off. Stevenson came out, serene and grinning.

"It must have been pretty tough in there," someone said. "What did you work out?"

"Oh, it wasn't so tough," Stevenson said. "I didn't have to work out anything."

"What happened?"

"I just tried to make him see that a man doesn't try to be President just to give away the resources of the American people."

"Did you convince him?"

"I don't know. Anyway, I may have given him something to think about."

This was what really counted with Stevenson. There was a measure of victory even in defeat if he could give people something to think about. The test of freedom to him was not the number of people who had unhampered movement but the number of people who had capacity for abstract thought. Some months after his 1952 defeat in the national elections, he was asked if he didn't think it was almost foolhardy for any Democrat to try to win against General Eisenhower, the nation's number one military hero and a man of phenomenal popular appeal. He admitted that this was probably true, but he believed that a Presidential campaign offered too good an opportunity to talk to the American people to pass up. Win or lose, running for the White House provided the most magnificent access on earth to millions of human minds. And anyone who believed as deeply as he did in the educational process couldn't help feeling some measure of satisfaction in being able to talk sense day after day to large numbers of people about the complex issues that affected the safety and well-being not of Americans alone but of all the people who inhabited the earth in a time of peril.

He was more at home dealing with complexities than ministering to simplicities or celebrating over the certainties. An idea wasn't worth much if you didn't have to brood over it or peel back the outer layers until you finally got to the center, where the intangibles resided and where the negatives and positives tended to look alike. He seldom read a book without making marginal notes, generally in the form of questions. A book to him was not just a reading experience but an opportunity for dialogue.

In his personal library was a substantial collection of Americana, most of it history and biography. And of all the books in the latter category, the subject of Abraham Lincoln easily accounted for most of the titles. And what interested him most in the life of Lincoln was the decision-making process. "Why would Lincoln do this?" was a question penciled on one of the pages of a book dealing with Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief. (This question pertained to some obscure decision by Lincoln.) In a history book which seemed to question Lincoln's delay in issuing the Emancipation Proclamation, Stevenson wrote in the margin: "Have a heart; he was only trying to figure out the best way of holding the nation together."

Jefferson fascinated him, but the man in American history whom he scrutinized most intently and consistently was Lincoln. He felt a sense of tragedy in Lincoln long before that night in the Ford Theatre. The tragedy had something to do with the ordeal of finding the right answers at a time when any answer, right or wrong, meant that many good people were going to be hurt. He believed that Lincoln's face, with all its shadows and indentations, was its own best autobiography. "Sometimes it pains you just to look at the man," he wrote on a photograph of Lincoln in which the lines under the eyes looked like a furrowed field at dusk.

One of the many stories he would tell about Lincoln concerned the Senator who tried to persuade the President to give one of his political aides a postmaster's job. "I'm afraid not," said Lincoln, "I don't like his face." "Surely you can't be serious," the Senator said. "No man can be held accountable for his face." "That's where you're wrong," said Lincoln, "After forty, every man is responsible for his face."

SOCRATES declared that the unexamined life was not worth living; Stevenson believed that a life without laughter was not worth examining. His gift for producing laughter didn't depend on retailing processed humor; his native wit enlivened any meeting or situation, public or private, in which he had a part. Like Lincoln, too, he was an

(*Continued on page* 32)

—*Berko (Pix).*

Adlai E. Stevenson: "I may have given him something to think about."

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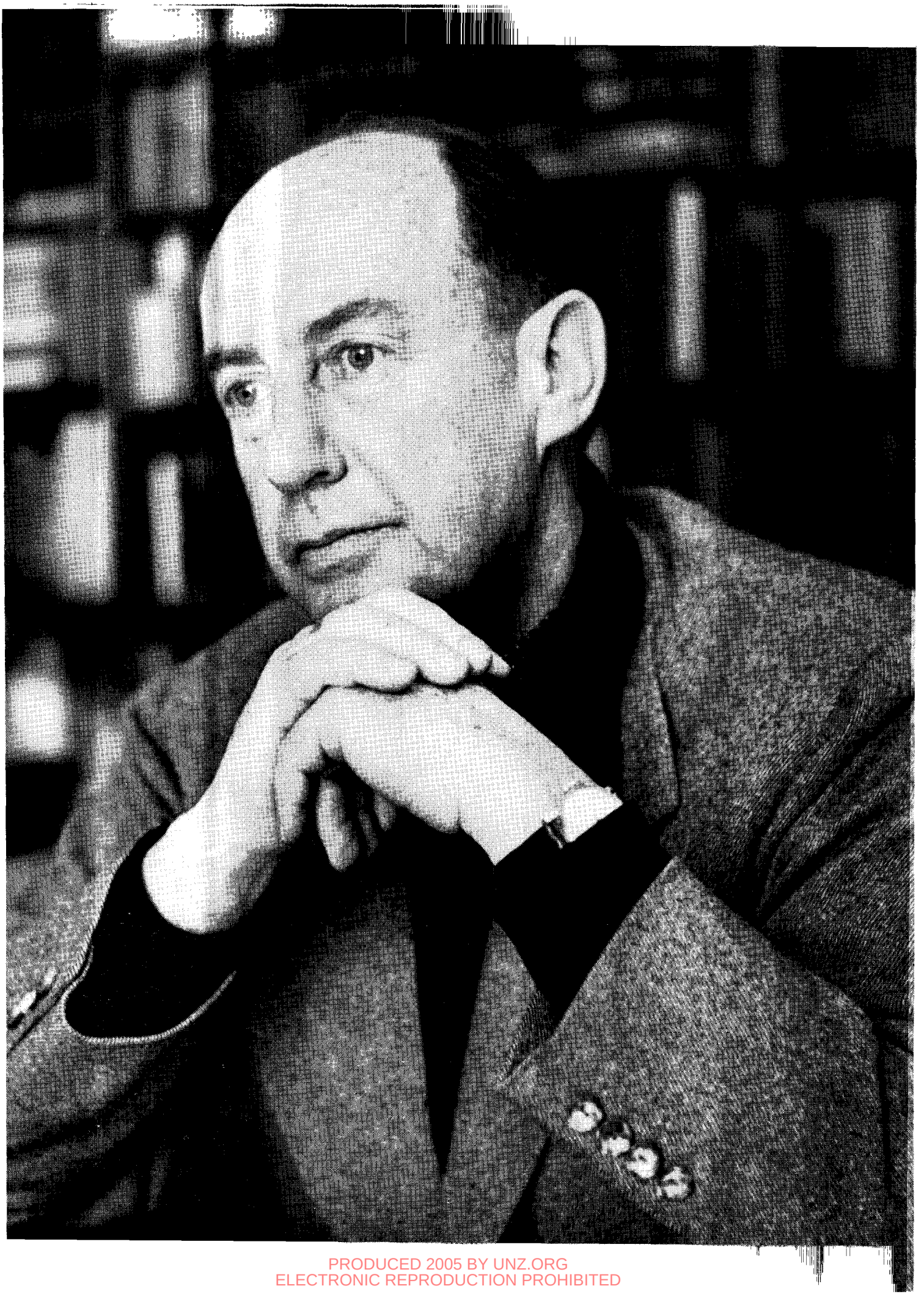

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In Appreciation

We tend to take great men for granted. In times of stress and need they come forward, as only the truly great can, and calm us with their uncommon wisdom. In times of joy they celebrate with us, and their humanity and transcendent warmth reaffirm our own lives. If humor, in eloquent abundance, is added to their remarkable qualities we feel truly blessed.

Adlai Stevenson was a great man. Just knowing he was alive gave us hope and a deep sense of gratitude—but we grow complacent in the presence of such greatness. Only when we are stunned by mortality do we begin to realize how privileged we were to live in the same century with such a man.

GLORIA F. SCHEUER.

Port Chester, N.Y.

Fact or Fancy?

HAROLD TAYLOR'S ARTICLE "American Idealism, 1965" [*SR*, June 26] is such a contradictory hodgepodge of idiotic blather that it would require more than equal space to separate its faults (many) from its nuggets of virtue (few).

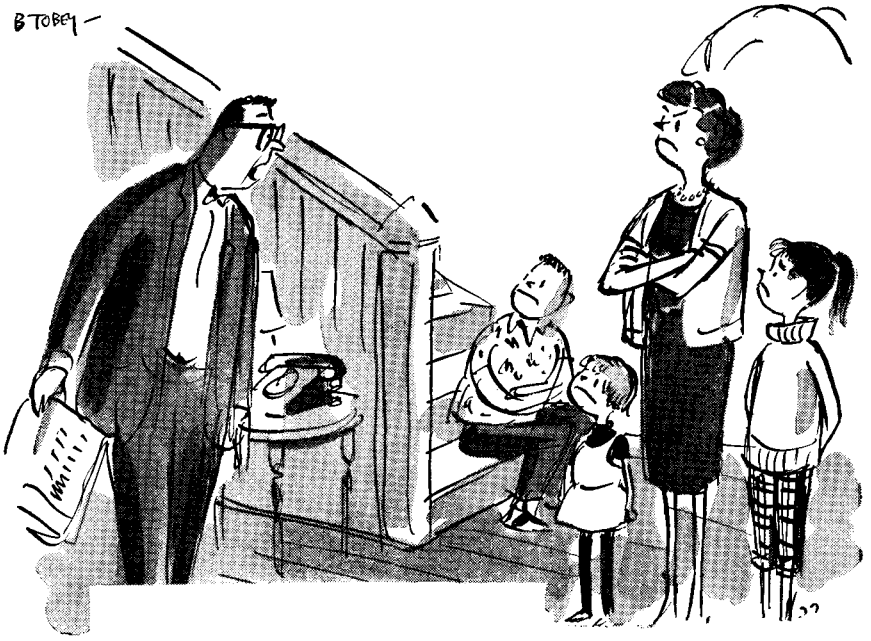
The overriding weakness of the article is that its points are buried in a fabric of simple propagandist tricks more frequently seen in cigarette or aspirin ads than in the essays of one of our leading periodicals. One, several, or some are equated with the total "youth," "younger generation," "youth of the country," "youth of America," etc. Facts are exploded into wholesale assertions; wholesale assertions (particularly about the Thirties) when compressed toward fact go past actuality to fiction. The plight of "the young" in any age must be that since they are not wise enough, rich enough, or politically clever enough to be in positions where "policy" for nations is made, they are always on the outside looking in. Activated by too many hormones to sit in armchairs and contemplate the problems of the world, they make energetic objection (all too often at the direction of older persons who really *would* be better off in armchairs) to whatever is available for objecting to.

GEORGE G. GLEASON.

Springfield, Mo.

HAROLD TAYLOR'S article was dramatic and provocative. His description of youth reminds me of two chapters, especially, of Paul Tournier's book *The Whole Man in a Broken World*, first published in 1947 and translated into English and published in America in 1963. I quote from the last of the chapter "The Myth of Power" a chapter which follows his discussion of "The Myth of Progress." This last paragraph seems like a prediction of what Mr. Taylor calls "American Idealism."

> I believe I can discern in young people today signs of a revolution more profound than any we have known.



"Certainly I recognize the will of the majority. I merely wish to file a minority report."

The other revolutions were in the last analysis only advances in the same direction which our society has been pursuing for 300 years. Weary of intellectual, ideological, and economic strife, these young people betray a yearning for the eternal and universal values, for art, for high thinking, for the spirit. May this young generation persuade the world that its fanatical pursuit of power was a Utopian dream. And may it give to the world an ideal of harmony and the precedence of values which is in conformity with the order of creation.

If Mr. Taylor will apply his praise to that precious minority of youth who, retaining the basic values of the past, reinterpret our ancient faiths and apply them in loving concern to the present, this appraisal is realistic. However, the demonstrations have, in too many cases, been the revelation of the undisciplined expression of the neurosis of adolescence.

To appreciate Mr. Taylor's conclusions one must do more than examine our youth intellectually. One must resort to the processes of faith and understanding.

JOE L. MCMILLIN.

New York, N.Y.

Birds and Bees Department

LET US ADD to those facts we never knew were facts before, the one that Goodman Ace invites the television moguls to consider in his column of June 26, i.e., "the fact that a peacock lays eggs."

Like a rooster, huh, Mr. Ace?

JAMES J. KILPATRICK,
Editor,
The *News Leader*.

Richmond, Va.

Ciardi Has a Friend in L.A.

TO A second-generation Angelino like me, the letters in response to John Ciardi's column on Los Angeles were alarming in their paranoia. [The stimulating column appeared in *SR* on June 19 under the title, "Foamrubbersville," the letters were in the issue of July 10].

Of course we do not all come from Iowa and certainly Disneyland is silly. Ciardi's caricature was probably too subtly drawn. Or maybe the southern California animal is simply too raw from slashes by everyone from Waugh on, and she jumps erratically at the slightest touch—or feint.

The honest among us cannot deny that our symphony, even our glossy new art and music centers, are second rate, and architecture here reeks of the boom town. This much must be granted.

Be that as it may, there is a word to be said for Los Angeles. Caricatures cut two ways: they exaggerate flaws, but they also point up merit. Only in this city of "shining illusion" can everyone, at least for the present, be a "cameraman or actor"—the great American dream, manifest destiny in the flesh. It is easier to be a poet or society matron here than anywhere else in the world. Caste and the *formes fixes*, play little part here in the complete democracy. It is what we Americans always said we wanted, and now that we have it we are afraid.

Los Angeles appears to be, above all, the city of the future. It is, of course, to that future that all heads ought to be turned, for Los Angeles has begun to make her influence felt elsewhere. California ranch houses are already fashionable, I believe, in suburban New York.

LOREN ANDERSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Meeting the Genuine Mystery

TODAY poets are more likely than not to be found residing on college campuses. Some critics regret the situation, saying that poets become tame and dry under academic influences. I see little evidence for this assertion, and, in any case, since poets can rarely support themselves as poets, I wonder what sorts of gainful employment are better for them than teaching. I am delighted that so many colleges are willing to hire poets and give them decent salaries and not too arduous duties, for I believe that, as a rule, both poets and colleges profit.

The late Theodore Roethke is a case in point. He taught during most of his adult life, at Lafayette College, Pennsylvania State University, Bennington College, and the University of Washington, where he was professor of English and poet in residence at the time of his death two years ago. A volume called *On the Poet and His Craft: Selected Prose of Theodore Roethke* (University of Washington Press, $3.95), edited with an introduction by Ralph J. Mills, Jr., reveals much about the man, both as poet and as teacher.

In an autobiographical sketch that he wrote for *Twentieth Century Authors,* Roethke mentioned that "the kids at Bennington in a burst of misdirected generosity called me 'the best teacher we ever had.'" Certainly he believed in what he was doing as a teacher: "I am quite willing to abide by the evidence—the work done—although if it were rubbish I still believe the effort justified. The lyric, particularly the short lyric, is a great teaching instrument. It's all there, all of a piece, a comprehensive act. Even to 'hear' a good poem carries us far beyond the ordinary in education. And to write a verse, or even a piece of verse, however awkward and crude, that bears some mark, something characteristic of the author's true nature—that is, I insist, a considerable human achievement." He added, "I can't share the disdain many professionals have for the serious amateur."

Of course he was not always free from the exasperation that sooner or later boils up in almost every teacher, and he blew off steam in a piece that appeared pseudonymously in 1950. Purporting to be a teacher's address to his last class, it begins: "My sins are not important. Whatever I said was too good for you. I tried. I said and I did. I survived. I have endured you, O modern girl, sweetheart of papa and billboards; footpad and assassin. Lord, I'm plumb tuckered out lugging these hunks of pork up the lower slopes of Parnassus, knowing all the time that as soon as I turn around, back they'll slip to blurbanity, inanity, and the dearest, dullest people in the world. I'm tired of being a day-laborer on this canary farm, . . ." Yet even this extravaganza ends on a serious note: "I love you for what you might be: I hate you for what you are."

In several of the pieces Roethke talks about his own work, quoting from a number of his poems and analyzing what he quotes. There is, for instance, an early piece, written in 1939, in which he offers a poem as he originally wrote it, then prints a long letter from Rolfe Humphries about the poem, and finally gives his revision. There is also an open letter that served as introduction to a group of his poems published in an anthology edited by John Ciardi. Speaking of the kind of poetry he has written, he says that the poet "must scorn being 'mysterious' or loosely oracular, but be willing to face up to genuine mystery. His language must be compelling and immediate: he must create an actuality. . . . If intensity has compressed the language so it seems, on early reading, obscure, this obscurity should break open suddenly for the serious reader who can hear the language: the 'meaning' itself should come as a dramatic revelation, an excitement."

In another essay Roethke discusses the way in which a poet may be affected by other poets, and gives some examples from his own work. He quotes with approval T. S. Eliot: "Bad poets imitate; good poets steal." Roethke goes on: "The paradoxical thing, as R. P. Blackmur said of some of the young in the Thirties, is that the most original poets are the most imitative. The remark is profound: if a writer has something to say, it will come through. The very fact he has the support of a tradition, or an older writer, will enable him to be more himself—or more than himself."

Roethke wrote less about his contemporaries than many poets have done, but the book contains a few essays and reviews. A short elegy for Dylan Thomas concludes: "He was one of the great ones, there can be no doubt of that. And he drank his own blood, ate of his own marrow to get at some of that material. His poems need no words, least of all mine, to defend or explain them." To Louise Bogan he pays high tribute,

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quoting and commenting upon many admirable lines.

About other poets he writes with less enthusiasm. He has much that is complimentary to say about Mark Van Doren, but he does not conceal important reservations. He speaks sadly of volumes by Wilfred Gibson and John Masefield, and he does not overlook faults in work by Ben Bellitt, Willard Maas, and Janet Lewis. Of Bellitt he wrote in 1939: "Too much of his work seems to spring from an act of the will rather than from an inner compulsion."

In praising Roy Fuller for his honesty, Roethke spoke (in 1946) of certain tendencies in contemporary poetry he did not like: "For there have developed, in recent years, whole schools of verbalizers, nerveless, slick and often macabre; squeezers of the obvious, vulgar jostlers with words; cerebral gibberers and wild-eyed affirmers; helter-skelter impressionists and frantic improvisers, pip-squeak euphuists who expand a tiny emotion far beyond its proper size, who make grandiloquent pronouncements on large issues long before they have mastered the smallest of private worlds." He knew what kind of poet he did not want to be, and he avoided traps into which many of his fellows fell.

Ralph Mills, who edited this volume, wrote the essay on Roethke in the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers. In it he said: "Surely the intensity and clarity of Roethke's vision in addition to his tremendous lyrical force and technical ability place him, as John Crowe Ransom has recently said, in company with some of the finest modern American poets." These miscellaneous pieces, slight as some of them are, strengthen one's impression that Roethke was indeed a major literary figure.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1147

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1147 will be found in the next issue.

G VXSNAJAWASOAYW AY WNT

YSXW SU KGO SOT ISPHQO'W

MGXT WS QXAOC IAWN—TLTO

AU NT QXGOC.

KTOMCTO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1146

A handful of sand is an anthology of the universe. —David McCord.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Cheers and Tut Tut

Margaret L. Coit's review of *The Making of the President—1964* and *The Road to the White House* [*SR*, July 10] is certainly one of the best reviews I've ever read. She exceeds by far the standard of excellence we expect, and usually get, from the *Saturday Review*—and that is the highest praise I can offer.

Hobert W. Burns,
Dean,
Hofstra University.

Hempstead, N.Y.

Margaret Coit makes this statement: "It was, of course, the old morality that nominated Goldwater: the people who hated adultery and Communism and waste and foreign aid."

Am I safe in assuming, as she seems to imply, that the "new morality," those who opposed him, *liked* adultery and Communism and waste and foreign aid? Come, come, Miss Coit!

Ena H. Kunzer.

Melville, N.Y.

"Science Fiction"?

J. R. R. Tolkien's three-volume *The Fellowship of the Ring* is surely one of the enduring literary masterpieces of our time—perhaps the only one. It is a work of epic stature that, in England at least, has already come, in the fifteen or twenty years since its publication, to be widely regarded as a classic. Imagine my shock, then, to find it described in *SR*'s Pick of the Paperbacks for June 26 as "wildly imaginative science fiction" (*it is nothing of the sort*) "only a little less admired than Ian Fleming." I am still trembling.

Louis J. Halle.

Valais, Switzerland

Hail Columbia

In his review [*SR*, June 5] of Peter Everett's *Negatives* not only does Nicholas Samstag blatantly misrepresent the author's intention, he libels *The Yorkshire Post* directly and implies that its reviewers are anti-American. . . . There is not one word or innuendo against America or Americans in my review however the text may have been cut for book jacket purposes.

Why does Samstag wish to smear the most pro-American writer now breathing (fire!)? . . . As editor of the little magazine *The Poet*, I published more American poetry in its fifteen issues than any other two British magazines combined over the same span. As a lecturer in adult education I am required to issue a reading list of recommended novels: my 1964 list of twelve books included ten novels by Americans. As Gregory Fellow in Poetry at the University of Leeds, I persistently championed American poetry in my public lectures. In my thrillers feature for *The Yorkshire Post* I have stated my belief that the best three thriller-writers in the business are Charlotte Armstrong, Patricia Highsmith and Margaret Millar, all Americans, and my Book of the Year selection for 1964 was by Bruce Dexter, also American.

I worked on the "obviously anti-American" newspaper for a year as a sub-editor and saw no sign of such bias either in its policy or its reporting. *The Yorkshire Post* is the only daily newspaper in Britain to have given space to creative work by Americans: poems by Richard Eberhart, James Schevill, and others have appeared in it.

W. P. Turner.

Leeds, England

Triple Andric

In *SR* July 10 the reviewer says: "It is to be regretted that the editor, Branko Lenski, has included from Ivo Andric's many admirable tales only 'Neighbors,' which illustrates his facility in a genre antithetical to the saga-like texture of his best novel."

In *Death of a Simple Giant and Other Modern Yugoslav Stories* there are three stories by Ivo Andric, of which the first, "The Story of a Bridge," can be viewed as a seed of Andric's major novel *The Bridge on the Drina*.

Branko Lenski.

Medford, Mass.

Amazement Continued

I hope you can imagine my delight in seeing a piece by Arthur Darack in *SR* May 8. I'm an exile from Cincinnati . . . and have missed very much Darack's articles about books, music, art in the *Enquirer*. . . . His breadth of knowledge, his wit, his penetration continue to amaze us. It was a treat to read the fine, fine review of Simone de Beauvoir's *Force of Circumstance*.

Evelyn Marx.

Sarasota, Fla.

Not Reallee

May I take exception to your printing the word *my* as *me* in [Haskel Frankel's] article on Alan Sharp in *SR* May 8? I know that the spoken word does sound as if it might be written as *me*, and I heard this not only in Scotland but also in England, especially in the Midlands, and it confused me until I realized the speakers were simply giving the *y* the same inflection we do in words like pretty, ugly, really, etc. I am sure you would never write these words as prettee, uglee, reallee, now, would you?

Dora H. Moitoret.

Seattle, Wash.

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The Ordinary Anguish

F. Scott Fitzgerald: A Critical Portrait, *by Henry Dan Piper (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 334 pp. $9.50), sets out to prove that the novelist often regarded as the spokesman for the very rich made his greatest contribution in revealing the tragic ambiguities embedded in everyday bourgeois experience. Kenneth Eble is head of the Department of English at the University of Iowa.*

By KENNETH EBLE

THE APPEARANCE of this book, the culmination of twenty years of scholarly interest and research, suggests that the Fitzgerald legend may have to be put to rest for a while. Henry Dan Piper disclaims any intention of writing another biography, and chooses instead to "tell how [Fitzgerald] became a writer." Yet that tale, too, has been thoroughly worked over, and the author often seems uncomfortable about expanding upon a subject already heavy with commentary.

Piper's achievement lies less in adding to our knowledge of Fitzgerald or in creating fresh awareness of his work than in reaffirming the old verities, at least as they are understood by Fitzgerald admirers. Fitzgerald is distinguished for his moral concern, his tragic sense of life, his understanding that urban values and problems are central to our time. He is not, as Dr. Piper makes clear, the spokesman for the very rich; rather, he is a writer who finds the American middle class capable of heroism and tragedy as well as of vulgarity.

Dr. Piper brings into sharp focus the difficulties Fitzgerald faced in trying to combine a career as a high-priced magazine writer with one as an experimental artist. This was only one of the conflicts in the novelist's life. Others can be discerned in a family heritage that Fitzgerald described as "half black Irish and half old American stock," in his experience as a Princeton undergraduate dividing his talent between the Triangle Club and the *Nassau Lit*, and as the poor boy who wanted so much to marry the rich girl. The conflict is reflected in the shabby yet heroic quality of Jay Gatsby's dreams, and in the "spoiled priest" Dick Diver of *Tender Is the Night*. Most affectingly, it is apparent in Fitzgerald's view of himself at the end: "I am not a great man, but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value, has some sort of epic grandeur." Dr. Piper's skillful handling of all these contraries supports his claim that Fitzgerald's greatest contribution "was his discovery of the tragic ambiguities imbedded in ordinary, everyday American bourgeois experience."

In a curious way Dr. Piper seems to have faced a dilemma not unlike Fitzgerald's in trying to decide whether this critical portrait should be directed to a scholarly audience or to the general public. He chose to write a book that is "studious" but not "scholarly," and in certain respects the volume suffers from this decision. For surely, the inclusion of

Scott, "Scottie," and Zelda Fitzgerald—"too much background."

portions of the large body of recent critical and biographical material would have been useful to the student without necessarily alienating the public.

The biographical portions are some-

(*Continued on page* 21)

Fables After the Fall

William Golding: A Critical Study, *by James R. Baker (St. Martin's. 106 pp. $3.95), and* ***The Art of William Golding,*** *by Bernard S. Oldsey and Stanley Weintraub (Harcourt, Brace & World. 178 pp. $4.50), find many parallels, ancient and modern, for the works of the author of "Lord of the Flies." Graham Hough of Darwin College, Cambridge University, is teaching English literature at the University of Michigan.*

By GRAHAM HOUGH

ABOVE all, we mustn't waste time. It is clearly necessary nowadays to bury our writers while they are still alive, or we shall have them cluttering the place up for years. William Golding has written only five novels; he is still in his early fifties; but he is already ripe for treatment. His best-known work has become a school text, both in America and in England; special casebooks on his novels have appeared for the benefit of college students, and, as we learn from the bibliography at the end of James Baker's study, there are already some twenty critical essays on his writing. It is a surprising fate for a man whose career as a novelist began late; and it shows, perhaps, how far the stream of the novel has recently been deflected from its accustomed course.

Golding's novels are shorter than the usual commercial article, and they are not straightforward, realistic narrative. They are allegories or fables; their manner is compressed, poetic, and allusive; they are often obscure in the most elementary sense: it is hard to tell just what is going on. Ten years ago one would have said that this promised a *succès d'estime* and a limited circle of admirers. Yet *Lord of the Flies* has been one of the outstanding popular successes since the war.

None of the other novels has had quite the same success, and perhaps they do not deserve it. But this is only a perhaps. They need to be weighed and considered; the obvious interpretations are not necessarily the right ones; and that is the reason for Mr. Baker's study.

It is easy to see that these tales are more or less Christian allegories. Original sin and the state of fallen man seem obviously to spell themselves out in the pages. Mr. Baker argues that this is a misinterpretation. The influence of the Greek tragic writers is far more prominent; and Golding in an interview has claimed this literary parentage for himself. I don't quite know what value we are to give to this—unless it is that the sense of man's doom is stronger than any hope for his redemption. And I am

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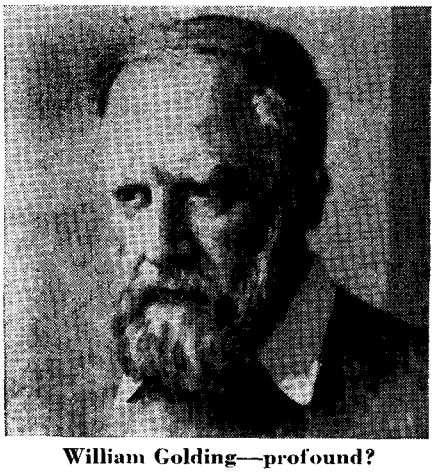
not at all convinced by the parallel that has been drawn with the *Bacchae* of Euripides.

It may be that the search for grandiose parallels and mythic allusions is overreaching itself. Will Golding's novels bear quite this weight of commentary? To an English reader *Lord of the Flies* is a bitterly ironic reversal of *The Coral Island,* that antique schoolboy classic where the honest British lads, by pluck and high principles, carry all before them. Two global wars and the succeeding peace have made that book look like a faded chromolithograph; but we hardly need to search the archives of mythology for an explanation.

Mr. Baker is thoughtful and erudite. He makes us reflect on the ideas behind Golding's work with the seriousness they deserve. He has read everything that has been written on the subject, and has consulted a number of the right people, including Golding himself. It is possible, however, that as philosophic fables these tales are neither so original nor so profound as has been thought, and that their existence as works of literature is in some danger of slipping through our fingers. Even in these days there is something to be said for the settling effect of time; and maybe we need a little longer to get used to new work before turning loose on it the whole battery of academic explication.

Much the same can be said of the similar study by Bernard Oldsey and Stanley Weintraub. But theirs is a brisker, sharper, and more astringent piece of work. It is less inclined to see Golding wholly as a philosopher-novelist; it raises some of the questions about the detail of the writing, and searches less for impressive but remote literary allusions. The one parallel that is fully developed—that between *Free Fall* and Camus's *The Fall*—is soundly based and obviously relevant.This is a less solemn study than Mr. Baker's, and more content to be merely provisional.

Much can be learned from both these books; but I confess a slight preference for Oldsey and Weintraub's drier light.



William Golding—profound?

A Pattern of Days and Ideas

—*Clara Sipprell.*

Granville Hicks—"ironic."

Part of the Truth: An Autobiography, *by Granville Hicks (Harcourt, Brace & World. 314 pp. $5.95), recalls the eventful life of the writer and critic who during the Thirties was "the American Man of Letters in the Popular Front." Joseph Slater, who teaches English at Colgate University, is working on a history of The Masses and The Liberator.*

By JOSEPH SLATER

ONE DAY in 1932 Whittaker Chambers and Granville Hicks walked a short distance together along Sixth Avenue. When they came to the first intersection, Chambers paused. "I'm turning right," he said. "You go straight ahead. And the next time you see me don't recognize me. I'm not a safe man to be seen with."

Later, at *The New Masses* office, Hicks was told that Chambers believed himself to be a member of the Communist underground. And for twenty years, until the publication of *Witness,* Hicks thought Chambers was a madman.

Whittaker Chambers's book told an important part of the truth; that of Granville Hicks tells another part, a part that in literary and intellectual history will be even more important. For it was Hicks, and not Chambers, who during the Thirties was the representative American writer. Or, to put the difference in terms of fictional characters, the American Man of Letters in the Popular Front was not Razumov or Raskolnikov, but Starbuck.

"I was a good boy," says the irresistible first sentence of this book, and one finishes the last page convinced that the narrator has been a good man. He has also been, by the standards of earlier and later twentieth-century radicalism, astonishingly normal. He grew up in New England small towns in an ambience of Universalism and the Odd Fellows. In his early teens he was reading Zane Grey and Edgar Rice Burroughs. He edited the Framingham, Mass., High School paper (*Philomath*), and was valedictorian of his class. While a student at Harvard, commuting from Framingham, he became editor of *Onward,* the national magazine of the Young People's Christian Union; after graduating *summa cum laude* with highest honors in English and spending two years at Harvard Theological School, he married his high-school sweetheart, Dorothy Dyer. Having decided not to enter the ministry, in 1925 he went to Smith College to teach a course in the Bible as literature. His talents and achievements led him not to a college presidency but to an offer, in 1939, of the educational directorship of the U.S. Communist Party.

The steps by which he rose to that questionable eminence were not inconsistent with his earlier life. He had a close and enduring friendship with Newton Arvin; wrote an article on "The Parsons and the War" which Mencken accepted for *The American Mercury*; worked on behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti. After the 1929 crash he began to read Karl Marx, and in 1932 he signed a statement supporting Foster and Ford, the Communist candidates for President and Vice President.

He became literary editor of *The New Masses* and worked on a biography of John Reed. When someone said that it was about time he joined the Party, he did so, and made no secret or fuss about it. He presided at the first American Writers' Congress in 1935, got fired from his teaching job at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and hired by Harvard, debated a Coughlinite priest before 7,000 people in Boston, and by 1939 found himself the foremost literary advocate of Communism as twentieth-century Americanism.

He had seen church work as "a way of serving mankind"; Party work seemed to have the same purpose, and was for

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the most part equally "respectable and dull." Hicks was not without doubts, of course: *The Daily Worker* was nasty medicine to swallow; the Moscow Trials shook his faith, and he found reasons to decline the educational directorship. But he persevered in his belief that the USSR "was the only bulwark against Fascism, and the Communist Party in this country was leading the fight against every kind of reaction." Even now, looking back, he sees little to "confess": critical dogmatism and ferocity, submission to Party insistence that he delete an account of a Moscow gold episode from his life of John Reed, but not much more. Like other Communists of his time, he was "betrayed by good intentions into taking an evil position."

That the position *was* an evil one he knew suddenly on the morning of August 22, 1939, when his kitchen radio announced the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Within three weeks he was free of the Party, and had begun to free his mind from the dogmas he had lived by for a decade. Angry letters from the faithful told him that his life was over. He was thirty-eight years old that September.

What he turned to was what he had come from and had kept all along: the normal, the bourgeois, the rural. During the very fall when he announced his support of Foster and Ford, he was buying an old farmhouse near Grafton, N.Y., and his Party life was lived mainly there, by a kerosene lamp, to an accompaniment of croquet and charades. "This is beautiful, comrade," said a Party organizer one day, "but where is the class struggle?" When the class struggle had lost its meaning, the house and Grafton remained. Hicks became chief air raid warden, a school trustee, an agitator for school recentralization, and the founder of the Grafton Community League, an organization which succeeded, after fifteen years of political and manual labor, in building a village library. Out of this experience grew his three novels, his sociological study *Small Town*, and a set of political attitudes which he calls critical liberalism and agnosticism. He is pragmatic, skeptical, cautiously optimistic. Even his Communist experience he can look back on without bitterness. It taught him, though less effectively than Grafton did, to respect the common man, and it "dramatized," he says, "my fallibility."

Granville Hicks's life, like all literary lives, has been only in small part a life of books and ideas. This autobiography sets his works, as it ought to do, in an intricate pattern of days and seasons, schools, houses, and family. It is intimate and yet, about matters that are not publicly discussed in small towns, reticent. It is charitable, modest, and ironic, historic, humbling, and heartening.

On the Side of Law and a New Order

Fair Fights and Foul: A Dissenting Lawyer's Life, *by Thurman Arnold (Harcourt, Brace & World. 291 pp. $5.95), sums up the skirmishes, in and out of courtrooms, that have absorbed a brilliant, urbane, and irreverent attorney. Ex-counsel to the President, Myer Feldman is engaged in the private practice of law.*

By MYER FELDMAN

THURMAN ARNOLD's book is a kind of a bouillabaisse of recollections, liberally mixed with essays on economics, law, government, pornography, Congressional investigations, and other assorted topics that have engaged the attorney's curiosity or aroused his wrath.

The story begins with some fine tales of the West in the days when it took two days by pack animal to traverse the thirty-square-mile ranch owned by Thurman Arnold's father, and when "the small towns from Chicago to the Pacific Coast" were not "carbon copies of each other." Each town had its own personality and personalities; Laramie, "a wild and woolly town of about 8,000" and the scene of Arnold's boyhood and youth, had its share of colorful characters, described here with affection and nostalgia.

During the New Deal Thurman Arnold was Roosevelt's Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department, where he led an assault on monopolies the like of which had not been seen since the days of the earlier Roosevelt. He also served a three-year stint as federal judge, a position he ultimately found too confining for his ebullient temperament. Along the way he was dean of the West Virginia Law School, and he taught esoteric seminars at the Yale Law School in the days when Yale was "camp" (the word defies precise definition, but so did the school in those days). His experience in private practice has ranged from bill-collecting in Laramie to founding one of Washington's large institutional law firms.

The primary staple of all large law firms is corporate work. But Arnold's firm has also had, to an unusual extent, an active civil liberties practice. Thus Arnold defended *Playboy* magazine, "a large part of the contents of which was designed to prove that women were mammals," against the U.S. Post Office and the Attorney General of Vermont. And the firm also defended several government workers, including Dorothy Bailey and Dr. John Peters, who had been dismissed on charges of disloyalty during the 1950s when government agencies were tripping over each other in their zeal to purge themselves of spies, Communists, and perverts.

ALTHOUGH the loyalty of government employees is no longer an issue, the record of that period in our history bears retelling. It was a time when the full power of government seemed to be arrayed against the freedom of the individual, whose fundamental rights were denied in the name of a bogus security.

Arnold has only contempt for the procedures employed by the government in those days; he found them not only unnecessary but thoroughly repugnant. Of the secret Army tribunals which dismissed the Fort Monmouth scientists, Arnold says: "Protecting the security of the Army must indeed be a mysterious business filled with black magic. On mature consideration of this matter, I have finally come to the conclusion that the secret loyalty boards when they made their secret findings must have sat around a bubbling cauldron throwing in this and that like the witches in *Macbeth*."

Thurman Arnold is as brilliant and articulate on economics as on law. He is urbane and witty. He has spent the better part of his life fighting the conventional wisdom of the Establishment; his targets have included the *Wall Street Journal* and all the businessmen and economists who share its persuasion; the prudes and the censors; Congressional committees and the Harvard Law School (which he obviously finds a bit stuffy). Even Princeton, where he received his undergraduate degree, is not spared.

Although in most respects the analogy may be inappropriate, Arnold's irreverence, and even at times his style of writing, bring to mind that dean of iconoclasts, H. L. Mencken. Arnold is more profound than Mencken was, and he indulges far less in jousting merely for the sake of the tournament; but both share the same healthy skepticism toward the prevailing wisdom of the day.

Fair Fights and Foul has no organization. Sometimes it proceeds chronologically, sometimes topically, and sometimes by no discernible method at all. But this will not prevent anyone from having a delightful time with it.

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Commandment and Compromise

The Rabbi, *by Noah Gordon (McGraw-Hill. 389 pp. $5.95), examines the contemporary values and compromises of the "people of the Covenant." Lee Israel, a free-lance writer, conducts the radio program "Let's Talk to the Writer" over WNYC.*

By LEE ISRAEL

TAKE a Reform rabbi, imbue him with a modern but nonetheless vital commitment, and the sensibility to know Judaism from Jewishness, marry him off to the daughter of a Congregationalist minister who despite her conversion is still a "*shickseh*" to many Jews, and you have a peripatetic, seven-thousand-dollar-a-year man of God, in whose travels can be seen all the weaknesses of the temple-membership-cum-bloodline that too often these days passes for religion.

That rabbi is Michael Kind, the protagonist of Noah Gordon's first novel. And few writers since Sinclair Lewis have sprawled with such magnificent ease over so large a part of the contemporary scene.

This epic of Judaism in America begins with the first generation. With the *zaydeh*, Michael's grandfather, and with Orthodox Rabbi Max Gross. In almost every sense of the word, they were the real Jews, the ultimately committed. But they hated and they feared. They remembered too well the pogroms in Europe and took too literally the Covenant between God and the chosen people. And so *zaydeh* dies with these words to Michael: "Not a *shickseh*! Not a *shickseh*!" And Max Gross refuses to marry the boy he taught to be a rabbi to the girl he taught to be a Jew.

The second generation? Well, some kept kosher through habit, sported Yiddish locutions, and reacted nostalgically to Second Avenue theater or reed music in a minor key. But of solemnity, and joy, and ontology, many knew nothing.

"I'm almost a full-time Talmudist," says the young rabbi. "I spend every day with books, looking for God. . . . If I find Him, my congregation won't come to hear about it until next Yom Kippur."

Then there are the special problems over and above once-a-year worship. In the South, Michael must play it safe, keep his mouth shut on the color issue, and tolerate the worst of toleration, ecumenism run amok: the first men chosen to be honored by the temple's Brotherhood Awards are the Reverend Billie Joe Raye, the local evangelist and faith healer, and Judge Boswell ("'I am happy and honored . . . to have been invited by my Hebra neighbors to participate in the christenin' of their new house of worship'").

Noah Gordon—a comforting invocation.

Up North he's faced with the professional fund-raising gambit. A new temple must be built, but airy architecture and a Lipchitz bronze on the lawn cost money. So there are the shills, the professional techniques of embarrassment, the dunning for unkept pledges, and the brass plaques to commemorate donations: "The Torah (Complete—Cover, Yad, Breastplate, Crown) at twenty-five hundred dollars was a bargain compared to the inscribed brass nameplate that would be placed on the door of the custodian's quarters for thirty-five hundred dollars."

And Michael's children—should his daughter participate in the Christmas passion play? How to make it known that his wife is as good a Jew as any descendant of Abraham? And the recurrent problem of raising a *minyan*, enough Jews—ten of them—to say the community prayers. That's *worship*, separate from and prior to the Temple Brotherhood or Sisterhood, the Teen Dance, the Annual Outing, the Bar Mitzvah celebrations, the *shul* pool, or the Sam Levinson lecture.

There will be those who will think that Michael's comforting invocation to his *zaydeh* at the book's end—". . . what could not be erased by bloodbaths and ovens will not be erased by changed names or bobbed noses or the merging of our blood with mysterious bloodstreams"—is far too optimistic, after what has been shown of the face of Reform Judaism. But Mr. Gordon seems to be saying that teachers like Michael Kind are enough to keep it going another 6,000 years at least.

Fear, Then Doubt, Then Death

The Ice Age, *by Tamas Aczel (Simon & Schuster. 287 pp. $5.95), set in Communist Hungary just before the 1956 uprising, traces the "labyrinth of hopelessness" that entraps a number of innocent people when a high Party official dies in a Budapest hospital. Joseph Hitrec's novels include "Son of the Moon."*

By JOSEPH HITREC

LIKE Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, Tamas Aczel's novel takes its theme from the Stalinist "ice age" of European Communism. Mr. Aczel's scene is Hungary in the early Fifties, just before the popular uprising that brought the Russian tanks into the country and also presaged the "thaw" in the latter part of the decade. But while Solzhenitsyn dealt with the barbaric fringe of Stalinism, Aczel, who was a Party functionary in his country before he defected to the West, examines the subtler corruption of the human spirit under totalitarian pressure. Ivan Denisovich's final gesture spoke of man's courage and hope. Aczel allows himself no such idealism; in his story darkness and terror prevail, and the outlook for the non-robot is bleak.

The plot is sparse. A high Party official dies of a coronary attack in a Budapest hospital. Although his death is natural, it casts suspicion on the hospital staff and gradually enmeshes a number of people on the outside. The main target of police investigation is Dr. Antal Karolinszky, the hospital chief, a brilliant professional who is kept on for his skill but distrusted for his bourgeois background and his coolness toward the People's Democracy. News of his arrest by the secret police creates a turmoil among the personnel, most of whom profess to be loyal Communists; it also unhinges the chief's sister, Rezi, a clerk

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in a state canning enterprise, who drops out of sight and so involves her own associates in the investigation.

The situation becomes a nightmare; a dozen characters move in and out of the story's focus, revealing their strange interdependence, supplying the missing bits in the puzzle, each personifying some aspect of the eroding morality, dignity, and sanity under tyranny.

In a system where "vigilance" commonly takes the form of denunciation, anxiety is a normal state of mind. Nor does the sickness differentiate between rank and file, between Party members and the faceless multitude whose one ambition in life is to stay faceless and unnoticed. Above each Communist in good standing there is always another with senior standing, a longer memory, and a more convoluted idea of what constitutes loyalty. But no matter who is threatened, escape is impossible.

Tracing this labyrinth of hopelessness, Mr. Aczel uses the episodic method to very good effect. Now and then—as when he withholds the causal link of a development until almost the end of the episode, or when the intercutting becomes relentless, almost subliminal—he puts a strain on the reader that might have been avoided. But for the rest, his performance is brilliant and gripping.

Nothing to Fear But Fear: Some years ago Christopher Isherwood characterized the "truly weak man" as the one who is so frightened by the rigors of ordinary life that he finds it easier to run off and climb Mt. Everest or explore an Amazonian jungle, while the "truly strong man" goes about his business without any fuss.

The men Gilbert Rogin writes about in his first book, *The Fencing Master and Other Stories* (Random House, $4.95), for the most part go through the motions of life, but in a kind of permanent shock, haunted by an unfocused feeling of guilt about the past, astonished by the present, and traumatically blind to the future. Human relationships, above all, paralyze them: they live, as the wife in "Lesser Married" points out to her husband, in constant terror that contact with another will somehow "diminish" them.

Many of the fourteen protagonists share an uncommonly large number of similar situations. Several are married to divorcées with two children (symbolizing, apparently, their lack of anything that is exclusively theirs). They are usually found in motels, physical as well as spiritual transients.

An exception to the recurring pattern is "Judging Keller," in which we meet the title character in a Polynesian launch with a native child who is dying of meningitis, surrounded by her relatives and friends who have mysteriously concluded that Keller is a doctor. During the futile journey to the hospital Keller recalls the mistress whom he had refused to marry and who subsequently killed herself, and, like a reverse Walter Mitty, writes in his notebook an imaginary diary about the children he has never had. "Chico King, Popular Singer," a poor boy become a Hollywood star, is surrounded by mechanical voices—the talking doll he buys for his daughter on her birthday, an electronic Arab in front of the Kismet Hotel who endlessly chants, "Howdy, Effendi!," finally a recording of his own voice singing "Happy Birthday to You." He feels that something has gone wrong with his life somewhere, and in a men's room he has an alcoholically apocalyptic moment when he thinks that he could set out anew as a prophet, a redeemer, "a kind of vital Schweitzer." The fencing master in the title story, abandoned by his pupils because he has gone blind and won't admit it, thinks how wonderful it would be if only one could fence with oneself.

In an understated, allusive style Mr. Rogin evokes the stunned bewilderment that visits most of us at times. But since his characters have little history and experience nothing beyond alternating numbness and fright, they lack flesh and bones, and wander like self-pitying ghosts from ignorance to ignorance.

—Ruth Brown.

Anguish

Continued from page 17

times swollen with studious discussions of relatively minor (and untouched) aspects of Fitzgerald's life. We not only learn about Arnold Rothstein, who is already familiar to Fitzgerald buffs, but more than we need to know about Edward M. Fuller. Similarly, in his criticism the author seems to be selfconsciously aware of his position midway between pedants and public. Though, for example, the slow, tortured composition of *Tender Is the Night* is thoroughly explored, no mention is made of Matthew Bruccoli's recent book devoted to that specific subject. Again, we have a full chapter discussing Zelda Fitzgerald's novel, *Save Me the Waltz*—more, it strikes me, because it hasn't been done before than because of its intrinsic importance.

The final impression the book leaves is a good deal like that created by the picture on the back of the dust jacket. Here, *circa* 1927, is a Fitzgerald family portrait, the subjects almost overwhelmed by objects: winter suits, overcoats, handbags, leggings, hats pulled down to the eyebrows, lifeboat, tarpaulin, ropes, pulleys. So in Dr. Piper's portrait there is too much background, too little of the subject brought sharply before our eyes.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

ENGLITSCH VS. DEUTISH

Here's a bilingual challenge from R. Bruce MacDougall, now of Plattsburgh, New York, but recently stationed for three years in Stuttgart and Munich. The words he lists in all three columns are English, but those in Columns One and Two are also German. You are first asked to consider those in Column One as German (hence the capitalization of the nouns), and to match them with their English equivalents in Column Two. You are then asked to consider the words in Column *Two* as German, and to pair with them *their* English equivalents in Column *Three*. (Thus *hart* is German for *stern*, and *Stern* is German for *star*.) It's all decoded on page 22.

( ) hart	1. AS	( ) what
( ) Ring	2. BAR	( ) poison
( ) Halt	3. BLANK	( ) instalment
( ) war	4. GIFT	( ) bare
( ) Pause	5. HOLD	( ) lovely
( ) so	6. KIND	( ) stable
( ) Rang	7. LINK	( ) bacon
( ) Stab	8. RATE	( ) cane
( ) Art	9. REST	( ) left
( ) Stand	10. SPECK	( ) bright
( ) Wand	11. STALL	( ) animal
( ) Fleck	12. STERN	( ) child
( ) leer	13. STOCK	( ) rampart
( ) Mass	14. TIER	( ) star
( ) Talent	15. WALL	( ) ace
( ) Material	16. WAS	( ) remainder

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The Bargain Basements Upstairs

The Great Discount Delusion, *by Walter Henry Nelson (McKay. 237 pp. $4.50), finds beneath the "loss leaders" predominantly bargain-basement merchandise. Vance Packard is the author of "The Waste Makers," "The Hidden Persuaders," and, most recently, "The Naked Society."*

By VANCE PACKARD

WE ALL love to fancy ourselves as bargain-hunters, this reviewer included. But some stores profess to have sales all the time. Usually called "discounters," they have expanded enormously (to perhaps 10,000 stores) and solicit the patronage of just about every U.S. consumer. Walter Henry Nelson warns us that many of the bargains of the discounters are glittering illusions. He shows how the flimflamming is stage-managed and how we can avoid the traps that are set for us. A full-time writer with executive experience in advertising, public relations, and manufacturing firms, he has obviously dug deeply (if sometimes obsessively) into his subject.

Discounters profess to offer a wide variety of high-quality merchandise at cut-rate prices. The heart of Mr. Nelson's argument is that many discount stores "are merely bargain basements expanded to full-store scope, selling low-quality 'schlock' merchandise while drawing the public in with a few cut-rate national brands offered as loss-leader bait."

Use of loss leaders has long been a strategy for pepping up sales, but the discounters, Mr. Nelson finds, use them on a massive, systematic basis for the primary purpose of giving their stores a convincing "discount image." And once they get the customer inside the store they may strive mightily to switch him to a less publicized brand on which they can, for a variety of reasons, make more money. Sometimes discounters will all but give away groceries in order to sell other merchandise, particularly "soft goods," which are especially difficult to evaluate as bargains.

Mr. Nelson impressively documents the varying nature of bargains offered at some discount houses by citing an analysis, printed in *The Discount Merchandiser,* of the gross-margin figures for 3,765 products sold at one large discount drug chain. It was presented as "a model of what is generally happening." The chain did indeed offer bargains but some items carried margins of 65 per cent. And on average, Mr. Nelson reports, the chain's margin was actually slightly higher than that of independent, conventional drugstores handling a comparably small volume of prescriptions.

I found particularly surprising Mr. Nelson's evidence that some discounters have been able to feature for sale clothing bearing the labels of fashionable stores which had never handled the garments. Arrangements were made to buy the clothes direct from the factory with labels sewn in.

One can also share Mr. Nelson's irritation at the discounters' common strategy of "cherry-picking" or "creaming": selling at discount a great volume of a small selection of sure-fire fast-movers. The most obvious example is the practice of giving genuine discounts on books but offering only best-sellers and lively staples like cookbooks and guides to baby care. This type of creaming certainly has hurt the regular bookseller, who has depended on profits from such titles to provide his customers with a great variety of works, including first novels by unknown authors.

Occasionally one has the feeling that Mr. Nelson is pressing too hard in his indictment of discounters. After all, flimflamming the public by offering reductions from fictional "list prices" has for quite a few years been encouraged by many manufacturers of well-advertised brand products. In Mr. Nelson's book, the "name-brand" products are rather consistently depicted as the good guys while the "off-brands" or private brands tend to be pictured as very dubious bad guys. Name-brand products can in fact vary greatly in the quality offered per dollar (as in the case of tires). Moreover, many makers of famous brands have recently been developing profitable sidelines by quietly turning out off-brand or private-brand products.

It's a mixed-up world. Perhaps there are good guys and bad guys in all fields, including discounting. At any rate, Mr. Nelson has by his diligent probing opened to public scrutiny the tricks of those many clever fellows who see discount merchandising essentially as a con game.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 12, 7, 5, 16, 9, 1, 14, 2, 6, 11, 15, 10, 3, 8, 4, 13. Column Three should read: 16, 4, 8, 2, 5, 11, 10, 13, 7, 3, 14, 6, 15, 12, 1, 9.

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True Facts and Artifacts

The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby, *by Tom Wolfe (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 339 pp. $5.50), holds up for our examination such contemporary phenomena as disc jockeys, Las Vegas architecture, and winklepicker boots. Emile Capouya is a regular SR contributor.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

MR. TOM WOLFE has taken as his device the time-honored "Nothing human is alien to me." There is a complete intellectual program implicit in the tag, and at bottom it is generous and democratic. The difficulty is that some human activities are important and others are not, and the ethic of *nihil humanum* does not by itself help us to distinguish which is which.

Now, Mr. Wolfe is startlingly well informed. His collection of articles and sketches is a tissue of facts—true facts, as the children say—that I am sure I never suspected. The book also abounds in information that I had managed to misplace. On reflection, it appears to me that Mr. Wolfe's facts are addressed to the country cousins, rural and urban, among us, persons in whom the praiseworthy faculty of wonder is swelled beyond all praise to a promiscuous curiosity about the cultural junk of the modern world. We are already mired to the haunch in the rich gumbo of facts. It is only a matter of time before we sink beneath the ooze and our place knows us no more.

So it is hard to be grateful for Mr. Wolfe's industrious researches, his eye for the characteristic triviality, and his very lively style. That style, incidentally, sometimes reaches a pitch of colloquial vigor that suggests the influence of no less a master than Henry Miller. But mostly it is exclamatory and goes on too long. To my mind, the best piece in the book is the article on stock-car racing, Southern style, that treats the drivers as the heroes of a new *Iliad*; but the epic is about twice as long as the subject can support.

For the rest, those things that Dante advises us to look upon and pass by, Mr. Wolfe elects to linger over and celebrate—in a curious tone that wavers between sarcastic paean and sentimental complaint. Things that Jonathan should be ashamed to know the names of, Thoreau said of the type of artifact that takes up so much of Mr. Wolfe's attention: customized—wonderful word—cars, hyperthyroid disc jockeys, corporate airplanes, publishers of petty slander, stretch pants, girls-of-the-year, winklepicker boots, Wall Street Beau Brummels, Las Vegas architecture. The reasons, in short, that led Mr. Auden to picture the Sphinx as "turning a vast behind on shrill America," and the reasons for which we Americans ought to present our smaller bottoms to the same scene.

An album of drawings is included in the book. If the reader misses the point made so voluminously by Mr. Wolfe's prose—and I confess I missed it for a time—the drawings will repair that misfortune. They are astonishingly mean-spirited. As a gloss on the text, they lend another surprising face to Mr. Wolfe's linguistic exuberance. What I took at first to be energy and ebullience now look more like bilious compulsiveness and a neural itch. I am sorry that Mr. Wolfe made the drawings, and having made them, published them to the world.

Mr. Wolfe's mission is to inform, and when he mentions Hotchkiss he adds a parenthetical identification: a private school for boys. Now the great unwashed can breathe easy; they are less likely to eat their soup with a fork when the talk turns on prep schools. As it happens, I'm a city boy myself, familiar with the name of Hotchkiss and that of many another school I never attended. But, with the best will in the world, it is hard to be proud of that kind of information. It seems not to have occurred to Mr. Wolfe that this is a very short life, and our time is valuable. The kind of knowledge that makes us knowing is not of much use in our losing fight to get through life with some smack of honor. The notion that every fact, activity, mannerism, detail of costume is significant, is a vulgar error. It is not so much that you cannot be a saint if you give your soul to contemplating whatever flotsam the tide brings in. Thus preoccupied, you cannot be a sensible man, paying reasonable attention to the shape of your life. And why should a talented writer compose dithyrambs on the manners and morals of the underbred, undereducated, and underevolved? One wants to say to Mr. Wolfe: you're so clever, you can talk so well, tell us something interesting.

The Author: "She is gorgeous in the most outrageous way. Her hair rises up from her head in a huge hairy corona, a huge tan mane around a narrow face and two eyes opened—swock!—like umbrellas, with all that hair flowing down over a coat made of . . . *ze*bra! Those motherless stripes! Oh, damn!"

This is the Tom Wolfe (no relation to Thomas *Look Homeward, Angel* Wolfe) writing style, a sort of goosed English with exclamation points as thick as flies on a dead horse. It is a style that has made the thirty-three-year-old reporter from Richmond, Virginia, the most talked-about writer in New York City at the moment. (He writes approximately five pieces every two months for the New York *Herald Tribune.*) With the publication of *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby,* Mr. Wolfe is now available for nationwide discussion. The collection does not include his recent two-parter on *The New Yorker,* which a portion of the local literati lists on a par with the attack on Pearl Harbor.

If Tom Wolfe's writing causes comment, so does his appearance. There is nothing odd about what Nature has supplied—he is a six-foot, blue-eyed, 175-pounder "in fighting trim"—it is what Mr. Wolfe has done with it. He parts his longish blond hair just left of center and lets it droop over his forehead like a misplaced walrus mustache. He describes the cut of his custom-made suits as "New York baroque." They have an air of the bygone about them that causes passers-by on the street to turn for a second look. However, their owner is not at all sheepish in Wolfe's clothing. "Unusual? They are not unusual enough. I'm thinking of working out a ruff collar.

"I don't have a hairdo. Nothing could be more natural or unaffected. I don't even think about it. I don't call attention to myself. The secret of New York living

—*Jacques Lowe.*

Tom Wolfe—"New York baroque."

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is to have a plain exterior and a lot going on inside.

"As a writer, I'm concerned with the liberation of thinking. At the moment, a sort of nineteenth-century pattern of thinking has a grip on the country. That's one of the recurrent themes in my book. Our thinking is dominated by a pattern from our Eastern universities, a pattern of European origin.

"The real story of our country has not been written. It's the automobile that's the important story today. The automobile dominates society. You look around the country and you'll see that all growth is along highway arteries.

"We are all oriented to think about the war on poverty, civil rights, housing problems; but the changes are occurring on a different level of thinking. People are responding to a new symbolism because people at the lowest levels can now accumulate status symbols – two homes, boats, well-dressed children. The automobile is probably the most important status symbol of all. To incredible numbers of people, the automobile is a cult object." —HASKEL FRANKEL.

Money Talked and the People Paid

Of Snuff, Sin and the Senate, *by Robert Rienow and Leona Train Rienow (Follett. 360 pp. $6.95), exhumes what was perhaps the most unsavory epoch in America's past. Margaret L. Coit, associate professor of social science at Fairleigh Dickinson University, is a historian.*

By MARGARET L. COIT

IT WAS the worst of times, the most corrupt of times, when politics was the pork barrel and big business was spelled *special privilege*. It was a time when Presidents of the United States were browbeaten and broken, and Senate seats were up for sale at $100,000 each to "side-door connivers," who even gouged the vested interests that made them. It was a time when an early sexual escapade of an incorruptible reformer became *the* issue of a Presidential campaign. Finally, in words reminiscent of the warning of a latter-day clergyman in a more recent election, a gentleman of the cloth ended debate by suggesting that James G. Blaine be returned to the domesticity to which his good private morals entitled him, and that Grover Cleveland be elected to the office for which his talents so eminently qualified him.

Part of this story has been told before. Robert Rienow and Leona Train Rienow's colorful, journalistic exposé, *Of Snuff, Sin and the Senate*, roughly dovetails with Claude Bowers's *The Tragic Era*, although the former lacks the moral indignation and sense of dramatic immediacy that made the Bowers book so powerful. The Rienows deal with a slightly later time when the last of the pre-Civil-War giants was dead, when the last of the vengeance-ridden Radical Republicans, such as Sumner and Stevens, were passing from the scene, and the luckless six who had dug their own political graves to save President Andrew Johnson from his were being ruthlessly eliminated, one by one.

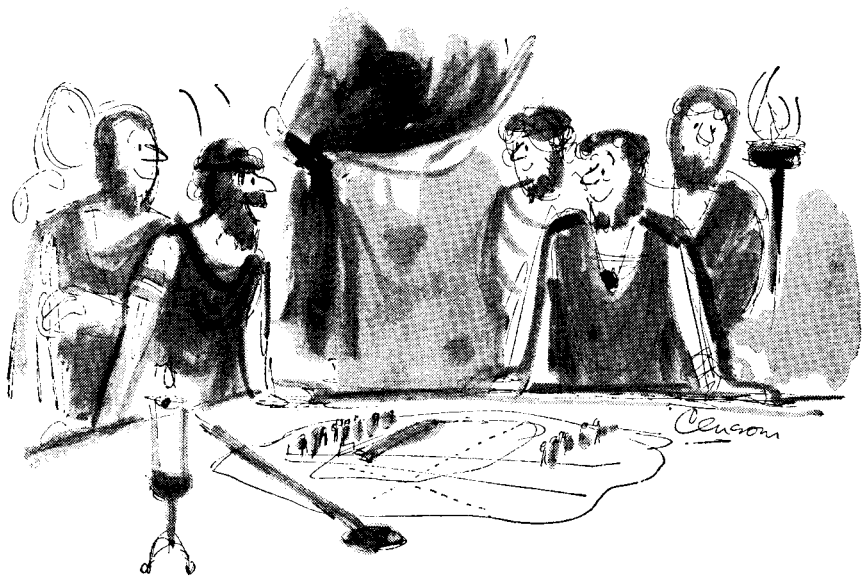
The Rienows divide these later years into two periods. First came the age of the power-drunk buccaneer bosses, who handed out the spoils to the hacks. Typical was black-mustached General John A. Logan, whose melodious "Orders" are still intoned on village greens on Memorial Day, and who led "his 400,000 G.A.R. boys in a treasury raid that rivaled in pillage Sherman's march to the sea."

Yet these were the good old days, and the freebooters mere amateurs, compared with their successors in the "Senate of Shame." Now came the oil Senators, the railroad Senators, the steel Senators, rich men who bought their seats and came on to the Senate to further the interests that had made them. They converted the Senate into a millionaires' club, "an instrument of special privilege," and an obstacle in the way of anything the people really wanted.

Through vote buying they kept whole farm neighborhoods prosperous, purchased legislatures, selected Congressmen, chose the members of the National Conventions; and harried, bullied, and bargained with the Presidents they made. Every President from Lincoln through Theodore Roosevelt was of their manufacture; President-making was, of course, their foremost objective.

The Rienows make clear that the whole power structure—both parties and both houses of Congress—were locked in a single conspiracy against the American people. The Democrats had their Tweed and Tammany Hall. The only issue separating the parties was Cleveland's insistence on tariff revision. And, as Senator Nelson Aldrich insisted—he who "owned" and corrupted Rhode Island, and married his daughter to John D. Rockefeller's son—he had kept his promise to help revise the tariff; he had not said that he would revise it downward. In this whole-hearted "merger for murder," there was a gentlemen's agreement on "obstruction." If, to satisfy popular clamor, a "sandbagger," a reform bill, slipped through the Senate, it was given deep and permanent burial in Speaker Joe Cannon's inside pocket.

And the people paid. They paid in child labor, with slums and sweatshops festering undisturbed, with the sick untended in hospitals, with strikers shot down, with high taxes and hideous working conditions. Why did they endure it all? They had no choice. The big guns were facing towards them; they were mere cogs in the corporate wheel. It was part of the natural order of things that New York belonged to Tweed and Chicago to Swift and that Minneapolis was "a den of blackmail." After all, the boss was not too bad. He entertained them with brass bands, sent them bas-



"Victory will be ours—if they don't fight back."

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kets at Christmas time, helped out when they were in trouble. All he asked was their vote.

The authors see the original sin as that of the Founding Fathers, who thought legislatures rather than the rabble would naturally choose the best man. Instead, the legislatures auctioned themselves off to the highest bidders; deadlocks lasted for months and years, leaving states without either a Senator or a legislature. One revolt led by a youngster named Franklin D. Roosevelt tied the New York Legislature into a knot, until the Tammany candidate was finally withdrawn. President Andrew Johnson had proposed popular election of Senators, but this was long coming.

The first break was "the Oregon program," a slowly spreading system of Senatorial preference primaries. New blood began to seep into the halls of privilege. But, in the end, it took a boss to beat the bosses; he could hardly have been in the Senate otherwise. "A dictator dictating democracy," he had broken the rail power and restored representative government to his own state of

Wisconsin. A crank, a showman, incorruptibly honest and unutterably fascinating, Robert La Follette was to become the most hated Senator of his time. He asked the unanswerable: why did his fellow Senators forget the nation and remember the railroads? "Why did trusts come ahead of the people?"

The galleries cheered. His fellow Senators walked out. The reporters' pencils flew. La Follette and his new breed did what all the moralists and eggheads had been unable to do: they got through to the people. The rolling eloquence of the shaggy Borah and La Follette's unyielding integrity stirred the country awake at last. The Seventeenth Amendment became law.

Of Snuff, Sin and the Senate makes fascinating a period most historians have written off as impossibly dull, dominated as it was by men whose consuming passion was money. The Rienows have even succeeded in winning sympathy for those half-forgotten Presidents of the squalid years. But, for all its color and readability, their book is curiously unsatisfactory, almost one-dimensional. It is repetitive, jumbled in chronology, and dangling with loose ends; we never learn, for instance, whether "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman ever had that confrontation with Theodore Roosevelt. There are errors of fact: Idaho will not relish having the mighty Borah assigned to Utah! There is no real probing into how the whole structure of American democracy could have become so perverted as to cause the president of Cornell to write our system off as "the worst in Christendom." Certainly, the underlying cause was deeper than the fact that the economy was booming, and that legislatures could choose Senators. Nor is it at all clear how the reformers finally achieved their ends.

For all its shock value, however, the book deserves reading, by scholars as well as sensation-seekers. These are grave questions that it raises and leaves unanswered, as once again millionaires dominate the Senate and the Presidency. This truly "tragic era" deserves a more thorough and penetrating treatment than it has received here.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Archeology

ANCIENT AFRICAN KINGDOMS. By Margaret Shinnie. St. Martin's. $4.95.

Business, Economics

THE CREATIVE ORGANIZATION. Edited by Gary A. Steiner. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.

A PREFACE TO URBAN ECONOMICS. By Wilbur R. Thompson. Johns Hopkins. $7.50.

REFORMING THE WORLD'S MONEY. By Sir Roy Harrod. St. Martin's. $5.95.

Current Affairs

ARMS, MONEY AND POLITICS. By Julius Duscha. McKay. $4.50.

THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTIONS OF 1964. By D. E. Butler and Anthony King. St. Martin's. $9.

CAMPAIGN FEVER. By Charles McDowell, Jr. Morrow. $4.50.

THE LIBERAL ESTABLISHMENT. By M. Stanton Evans. Devin-Adair. $5.95.

OUR DEPLETED SOCIETY. By Seymour Melman. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

Fiction

THE ADAPTABLE MAN. By Janet Frame. Braziller. $4.95.

ESAU AND JACOB. By Machado de Assís. Univ. of California Press. $3.50.

THE GODDESS QUEEN. By Nicole Vidal. McKay. $5.95.

THE SEAT OF POWER. By James D. Horan. Crown. $5.95.

STARTING FROM TOMORROW. By Tony Gray. Little, Brown. $4.

History

THE ANCIENT WORLD. By Luigi Pareti, Paolo Brezzi and Luciano Petch. Harper & Row. $15.50.

THE DAYS OF THE UPRIGHT: A History of the Huguenots. By O.I.A. Roche. Clarkson N. Potter. $6.95.

THE FALL OF STEIN. By Richard C. Raack. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE OLD REPUBLICANS: Southern Conservatism in the Age of Jefferson. By Norman K. Risjord. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.95.

THE SECRET OF D-DAY. By Gilles Perrault. Little, Brown. $4.95.

UNITED STATES POLICY AND THE PARTITION OF TURKEY, 1919-1924. By Laurence Evans. Johns Hopkins. $7.95.

Literary Criticism

DICKENS: The Dreamer's Stance. By Taylor Stoehr. Cornell Univ. Press. $5.75.

TLS 3: Essays and Reviews from *The Times Literary Supplement 1964*. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.

WILLIAM BLAKE AND THE AGE OF REVOLUTION. By J. Bronowski. Harper & Row. $5.

Miscellaneous

BALSAM FIR: A Monographic Review. By Egolfs V. Bakuzis and Henry L. Hansen. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $9.50.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOK, Series #92. By Margaret Farrar. Simon & Schuster. $1.95.

DECORATIVE ART IN MODERN INTERIORS #55. Edited by Ella Moody. Viking. $12.50.

THE MANAGEMENT OF ARCHIVES. By T. R. Schellenberg. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.

PRACTICAL MOSAICS. By Hans Unger. Viking. $6.95.

Personal History

LADY OF THE HOUSE. By Sally Stanford. Putnam. $4.95.

YESTERDAY IS TOMORROW. By Malvina Hoffman. Crown. $7.50.

Poetry

THE GREEN FIG TREE. By Michael Parr. St. Martin's. $3.95.

LODGERS: Poems. By Tony Connor. Oxford Univ. Press. $4.25.

Psychology

SEX OFFENDERS. By Dr. Paul Gebhard, John Gagnon, Dr. Wardell Pomeroy and Cornelia Christenson. Harper & Row. $12.50.

Travel

BETWEEN NIGER AND NILE. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford Univ. Press. $3.75.

CAVIAR FOR BREAKFAST: An American Woman's Adventures in Russia. By Ray Pierre Corsini. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

ITALY: A Journey Through Time. By John A. Crow. Harper & Row. $5.95.

—Compiled by MIMI FRANKLIN.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Art, yes; but packaged nostalgia, too, that's what it is. Remember Irwin Shaw's "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses," that jeweled exercise in girl-watching? Remember James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat"? And what about J. D. Salinger's astonishing "A Perfect Day for Bananafish"? All first appeared, of course, in *The New Yorker*. And one of the fanciest, most inviting boxes of goodies around is the new three-volume, gift-packed set of *Stories from the New Yorker* (Essandess, $7.95 per set; Vols. I and II, $2.50 each, Vol. III, $2.95). Spanning the years from 1925 to 1960, the collection skims 170 of the creamiest stories from the top. Who would remember as *New Yorker* writers Thomas Wolfe ("Only the Dead Know Brooklyn") and Sherwood Anderson ("Nice Girl")? There are names that came and went, and some that have stayed: Sally Benson, E. B. White, John Cheever, Dorothy Parker, John O'Hara, Kay Boyle, and on and on. Reading their stories is like peeking back into their primes—and ours.

Usually when an editor hangs up his hat the news is of little interest to those outside the book publishing world. But we couldn't let Victor Weybright exchange his seat as editor-in-chief for that of chairman of the board of The New American Library without some proper notice. During Mr. Weybright's twenty years as NAL editor, he has pioneered in every aspect of paperback publishing. The Signet Classics series now numbers more than 250 books, while other volumes range from translations of obscure Latin works to the million-plus printings of Ian Fleming and Erskine Caldwell. If Mr. Weybright took the lead in trailblazing variety and content of paperbacks, he also opened the door to higher prices. "Today's prices must make many readers nostalgic for the old days of the 25¢ paperback," he recalled in his New York office recently. "But remember, the inflexible 25¢ price restricted mass paperbacks to a comparatively limited range of length, illustration, and content." Then he added philosophically, as befits the new chairman of the board, "No one wants to go back to the Model T book."

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

To some critics, Bernard Malamud has never written a better novel than his 1952 *The Natural* (Dell, 75¢). Setting the prototype of the baseball hero against the background of the famous Chicago Black Sox scandal, Malamud satirizes the American national pastime, and a good part of the USA as well. Say it ain't so, Joe.

Louis Auchincloss, that chronicler of upper-class modes and manners, is well represented in this month's paperbacks. *Venus in Sparta* is about extramarital shenanigans, while *The Great World and Timothy Colt* (Crest, 60¢ each) takes a look at the machinations that go on in even the sleekest of Manhattan law firms. *The Injustice Collectors* (Signet, 60¢) tells tales on those hypertense personalities who amass grievances the way other people gather rosebuds. If Auchincloss's novels are smooth, urbane, and often similar in subject and tone, Gore Vidal's are startlingly different, as witness *Messiah* (Ballantine, 60¢), a weird offering with such characters as the 2,200-year-old woman: "'You have been malingering in the garden,' Clarissa said, offering me her face like a painted plate to kiss." A bold and blessed improvement is *Julian* (Signet, 95¢), about the elegant emperor who tried in vain to keep alive the flame of Hellenism before Christianity triumphed. It was a fascinating moment in history, and Vidal's ornate prose strikes the perfect chime.

Members of a still younger generation of American writers are Reynolds Price and William Goldman. Price's *A Long and Happy Life* (Avon, 60¢) was received gloriously by literary critics, who compared the prose and setting with those of Faulkner. Among its other attributes, this first novel boasts a heroine with the improbable but memorable name of Rosacoke Mustian. William Goldman's *Boys and Girls Together* (Bantam, 95¢), a complicated story of several young men and women in search of love and maturity, boasts a vigorous style.

Duly noted: *Three Novels by Samuel Beckett* (Evergreen, $1.45), not novels at all in the conventional beginning-middle-and-end sense, comprising the trilogy "Molloy," "Malone Dies," and "The Unnamable"; Balzac's *Cousin Bette* (Penguin, $1.45), in which a nasty poor relative gets her own back from her aristocratic family; *To Love and Be Wise* (Dell, 50¢), another of Josephine Tey's perfectly sculptured mysteries.

Humor

Robert Benchley is a man for all seasons, but in the summertime his wry and ceaselessly clever essays are practically a necessity. *The Benchley Roundup* (Dell, 75¢), edited by his son Nathaniel, offers such solace as "The Tortures of Week-End Visiting"; "Summer Shirtings," in which he muses upon such tiresome burdens as sports clothes, hay fever, and daylight saving; the delicious "Kiddie-Kar Travel" ("traveling with children corresponds roughly with traveling third class in Bulgaria"). A delightful book.

Will Cuppy was another such humorist. He philosophizes about a whole zoo of animals from sea serpents to emus ("getting kicked by an emu isn't worse than a lot of things") in *How to Attract the Wombat* (Dover, $1). Better known are the funny pieces in *How to Become Extinct* (Dover, $1), illustrated by William Steig, which offers such products of Mr. Cuppy's imagination as learned discussions of the pterodactyl and the woolly mammoth, "Reptiles I'm Always Meeting," and the pensive "Do Fish Think, Really?"

Some, like, for instance, Charlie Chaplin, see humor as merely beneficial. "I look upon humor," he said, "as a kind of gentle and benevolent custodian of the mind which prevents one from being overwhelmed by the apparent seriousness of life." Leonard Feinberg analyzes

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO HAWAII**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1966, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1965.

SR's 1964 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Helen G. Russell of Gorham, Maine, professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, 1964 winner of the grand prize for color. Miss Russell won a round-trip to Hong Kong for her picture of a child in a sampan.

F. B. Grunzweig, public information officer of the U.N. Secretariat, 1964 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Grunzweig's photograph, taken in Kennedy Airport, won him a round-trip flight to Paris.

Saturday Review

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1964, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. **Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either slides *or* prints. Do not send slides and prints of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1965, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. **The decision of the judges will be final.**

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1966. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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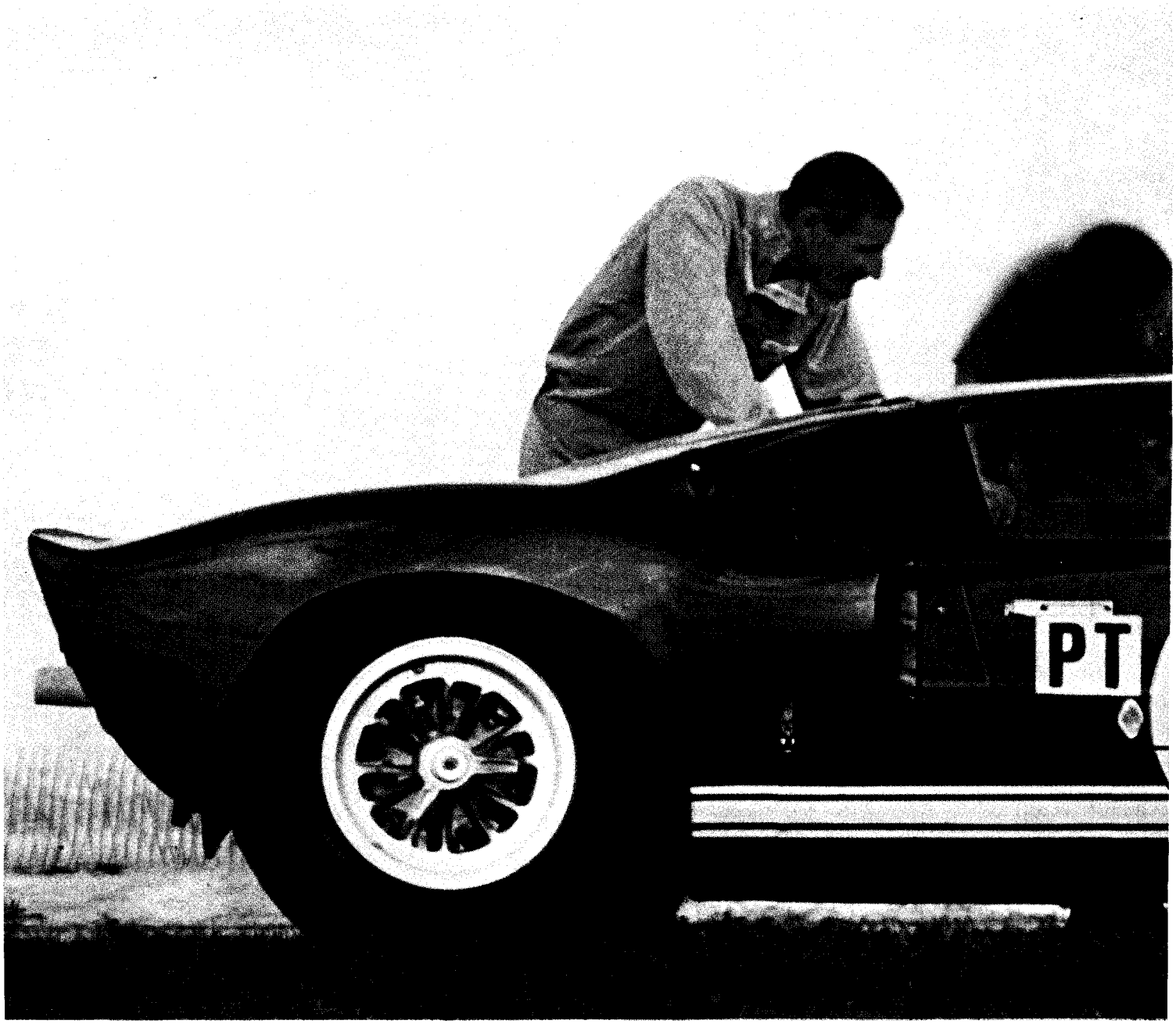
Ford Motor

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



running a beautiful experiment

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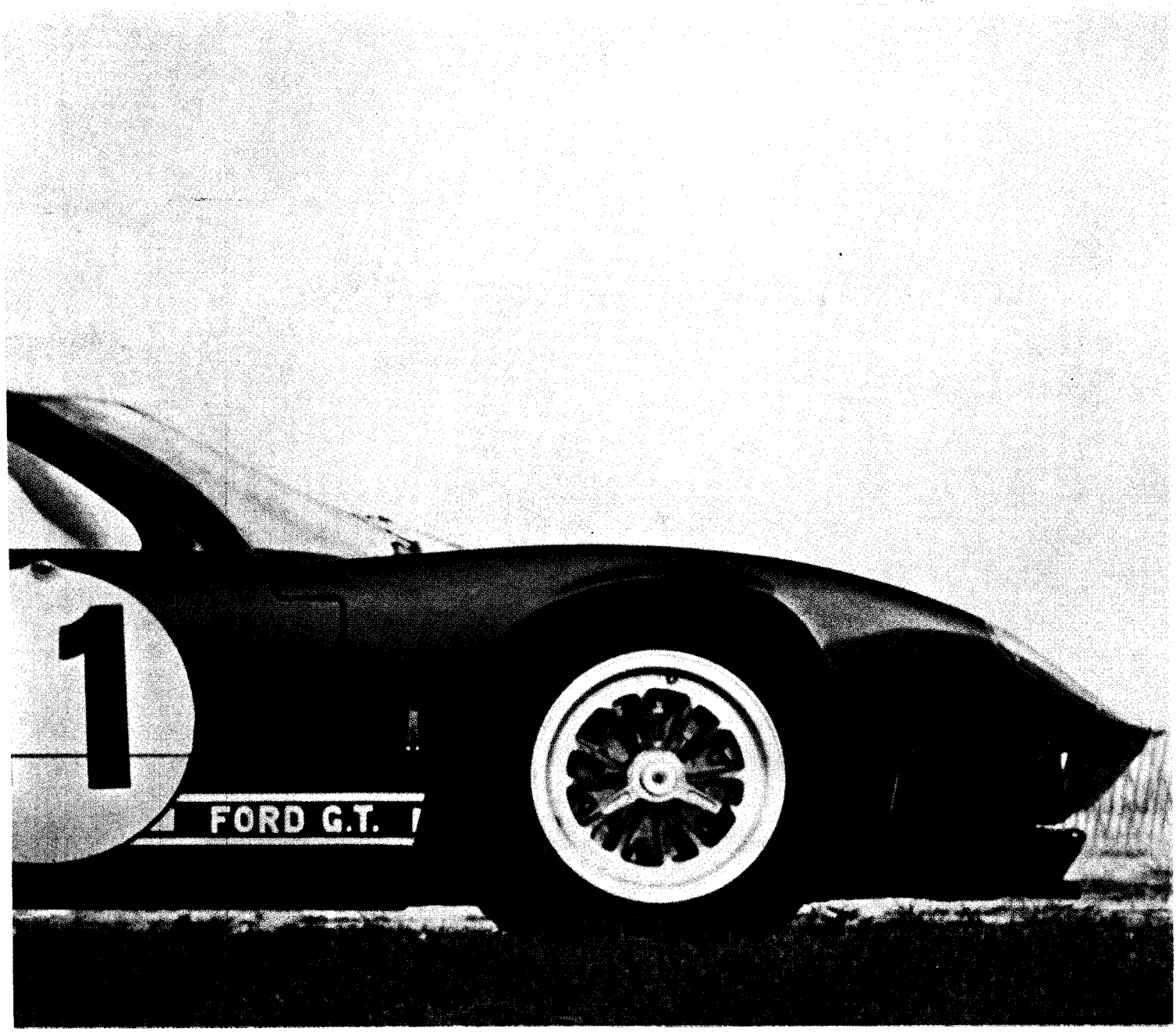
Company is:



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this attitude, among others, in *The Satirist* (Citadel, $2.25), which comments upon men as far apart as Voltaire and Evelyn Waugh. Robert E. Morsberger's *James Thurber* (College and University Press, New Haven, Conn., $1.95) is one of the Twayne United States Authors series, which upon completion will include more than 200 writers. This appreciative study places Thurber's nonheroic husbands alongside the protagonists of Scott Fitzgerald and William Faulkner. If Morsberger occasionally overstates his case, he does offer valid insight into a consistent Thurberian world.

And not to be overlooked in any humor category is Charles M. Schulz's *What Next, Charlie Brown?* (Crest, 40¢), more and yet more cartoons about that Peanuts crew.

Youth

Children the world over are supposed to be the same. Maybe. But certainly not the parents. In America at least they are different, a fact of life substantially corroborated in Martha Weinman Lear's provocative, witty, and sometimes terrifying *The Child Worshipers* (Pocket Books, 50¢). Mrs. Lear explores the parent-child relationship and discovers that to an astonishing extent youngsters are utilized as status symbols, mere pawns in a highly competitive game with points given for good schools, fancy camps, academic excellence, expensive party frocks.

"The bored, the apathetic, the rebellious and the defiant" are the young adults who comprise *The Unattached* (Penguin, 95¢). Mary Morse's book reports on an experiment in England in which three young social workers courted the friendship of teen-agers to gain insight into the particular problems of a generation which, call it Mod, Rocker, or even Beat, is surely confused. A study more specialized in scope is Wayne Dennis's *The Hopi Child* (Science Editions, $1.45), which presents a careful portrait of Arizona Indian children who don't seem appreciably different from their non-Indian counterparts. It is interesting to note that among the Hopis the maternal uncle acts as the stern disciplinarian, leaving the father free to enjoy himself and his children in a more genial role.

One method of early education which is having a remarkable renaissance is based upon the theories of the turn-of-the-century Italian teacher Maria Montessori, who believed that very young children have far greater capacity for learning than had ever been adequately tapped. *Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook* (Schocken, $1.75) along with *Spontaneous Activity in Education* (Schocken, $2.45) are two recent paperback statements of her philosophy.

USA

"I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health, and the liberties of man." No, it wasn't Frank Lloyd Wright who said that, though he certainly believed it; it was Thomas Jefferson, the first of many Americans who spoke out sharply against increased urbanization. *The Intellectual Versus the City,* by Morton and Lucia White (Mentor, 75¢), traces varying points of view that follow a clear tradition of scorn, ridicule, even fear of metropolitan living. Despite this prevalent distaste, Mitchell Gordon acknowledges in *Sick Cities* (Penguin, $2.25) that by 1980 more than 90 per cent of all Americans will live in urban areas. Not surprisingly, the surrender of rural dwelling and its concomitant values presents major problems: air pollution, not enough fresh drinking water, high crime rates, the need for more schools and for recreation facilities ample enough to replace the ol' swimmin' hole. The author presents a dour picture, though he does suggest increased state participation in urban planning and broader consolidation of individual governmental units.

A vivid feature of post-World War II American life is the growth of the corporation, duly noted in the various essays in *The Corporation Take-Over,* edited by Andrew Hacker (Anchor, $1.25). In his article "Economic Power and the Free Society" A. A. Berle indicates that 150 firms now produce half this country's manufactured goods, while the 500 largest corporations own two-thirds of the productive assets of the nation. The wealth, power, and persuasion of these mammoth concerns reach into every aspect of modern life, changing certain time-honored theories of both business and personal behavior. Peter F. Drucker, a management specialist who has previously written about the corporate history of General Motors, ponders in *The Future of Industrial Man* (Mentor, 75¢) such complex problems as whether the concept of individual achievement is actually outmoded in the new corporation structure or whether indeed it merely is reflected in a new and different guise.

An astute and not unloving observer of the American scene is the Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal. *Challenge to Affluence* (Vintage, $1.45) seeks answers to the question of the high unemployment rate in a country otherwise prosperous. Mr. Myrdal stresses the need for a better equipped labor force with higher education and health standards. Hubert H. Humphrey would probably agree with Myrdal's recipe for top employment. In his own book, *The Cause Is Mankind: A Liberal Program for Modern America* (Macfadden, 60¢), the Vice President airs his views on civil rights, tariffs, cold war, and nuclear power, with vision enough to satisfy idealists and sufficient facts and figures to relieve the anxiety of the sturdiest pragmatist.

"When Mama Rosa Parks sat down, the world stood up." And when the Alabama seamstress refused to surrender her bus seat to a white man, the Montgomery boycott began, and the world first heard of a minister named Martin Luther King. That event and countless others in the civil rights movement are stirringly presented in *To Do Justice* (Pyramid, $1), a photographic history with text by William Pain. It's all there: smug Southern deputies, Medgar Evers's funeral, brutal scenes with clubs and dogs—and the hopeful face of a young Negro schoolgirl.

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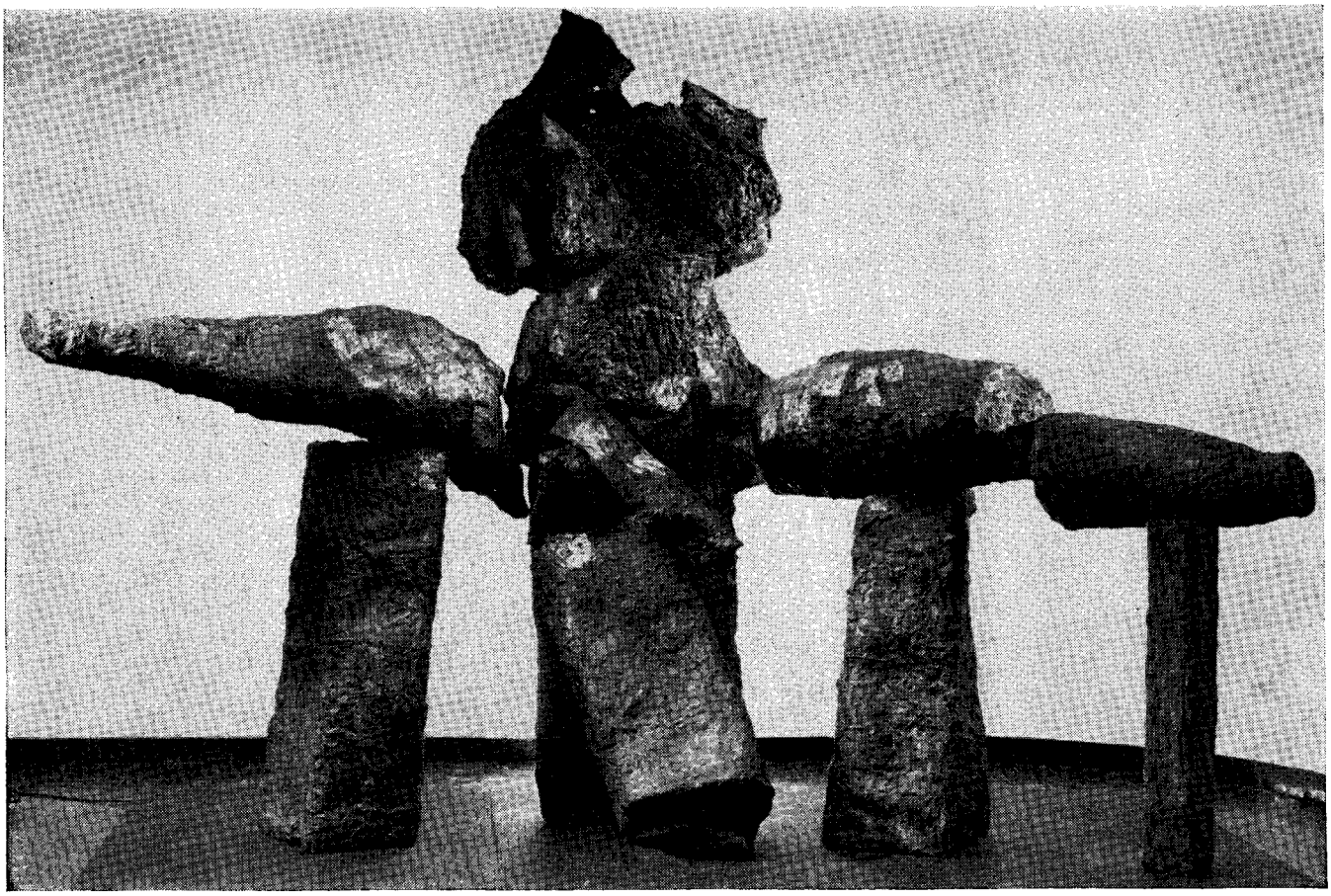

—*Egan Gallery.*

"Goddess of the Golden Thighs," by Reuben Nakian.

THE FINE ARTS

Portraits in Paganism

THE FIRST encounter with *The Goddess of the Golden Thighs* leaves one breathless. This voluptuous figure, both a paraphrase of Venus and a source of unbounded life, is Reuben Nakian's most recent sculpture and surely one of his greatest. During the entire summer it will remain on view in Manhattan's Egan Gallery, there surrounded by a voluminous group of drawings and smaller sculptures, many of them studies for the major work.

Nakian sees *The Goddess* as a symbolic vessel from which life pours ceaselessly. Though his Venus is semi-abstract, one quickly recognizes the monumental outspread form of a woman. The molten torso and powerful legs proclaim the figure's reproductive role and yet encompass the duality of all human life. For this scarred body combines female passivity with the thrusts of male anatomy.

The only experience that can top a visit to the Charles Egan Gallery is a trip to Nakian's studio in Connecticut. Here this ebullient sixty-eight-year-old American of Armenian descent seems in such complete harmony with his work as almost to become a projection of it. Both give off the same unfailing vitality, the same romantic exuberance. Like geological upheavals, his sculpture has the turbulence of life-giving and life-destroying forces. He says, "It's got human content; it's got the smell of blood and milk." For him, everything is born of woman. Hoping his figures parallel the majesty of mountains, he looks back wistfully to Cézanne's Mont Sainte Victoire. And, indeed, he claims Cézanne as his father, and likewise Rodin. "Rodin is my big hero," he says. "He was still living when I was a young fellow."

Extraordinary is Nakian's ability to fuse modern violence with Greek restraint, to give his work almost unlimited emotional freedom, and yet to end up with baroque discipline. From heroic sculptures (*The Goddess* is nine by twelve feet) to small drawings, all have the same swift spontaneity, but there is more than improvisation here. "I'm the history of art," Nakian admits, "I love the Chinese, the brothers LeNain, the Greeks, Goya, Rembrandt, Daumier, Hals, even Fra Angelico." Steeped in Greek mythology, he repeatedly borrows classical motifs, finding they offer him opportunities for greater frankness and invention than does Christian symbolism. To make his particular brand of sculpture, Nakian says, "You've got to be in the mood—savage." And there is something savage about his work, but there is also elegance.

A brief look at the drawings alone is proof of this dichotomy. They have speed, dash, a certain madness, and the refined assurance of a highly informed hand. For Nakian, drawing is like breathing; it comes out in a rush. During the past year he has avoided drawing. "I have so much nervous energy, I used to take it out on my drawings; now I'm taking it out on my large plasters."

One after another these vast plaster sculptures rear up in the studio, some finished, some still in process of evolving. Like *The Goddess of the Golden Thighs,* each has been given a provocatively poetic title and each is concerned with the menacing attributes of woman. One of the most ominous figures, now called *Hecuba* but first named *Hiroshima,* is virtually lit by the fire of destruction. At times Nakian seems to remove the cor-

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poreal body and leave only the gesturing garments of tragedy. His work emphasizes the polarities of life—sex and death.

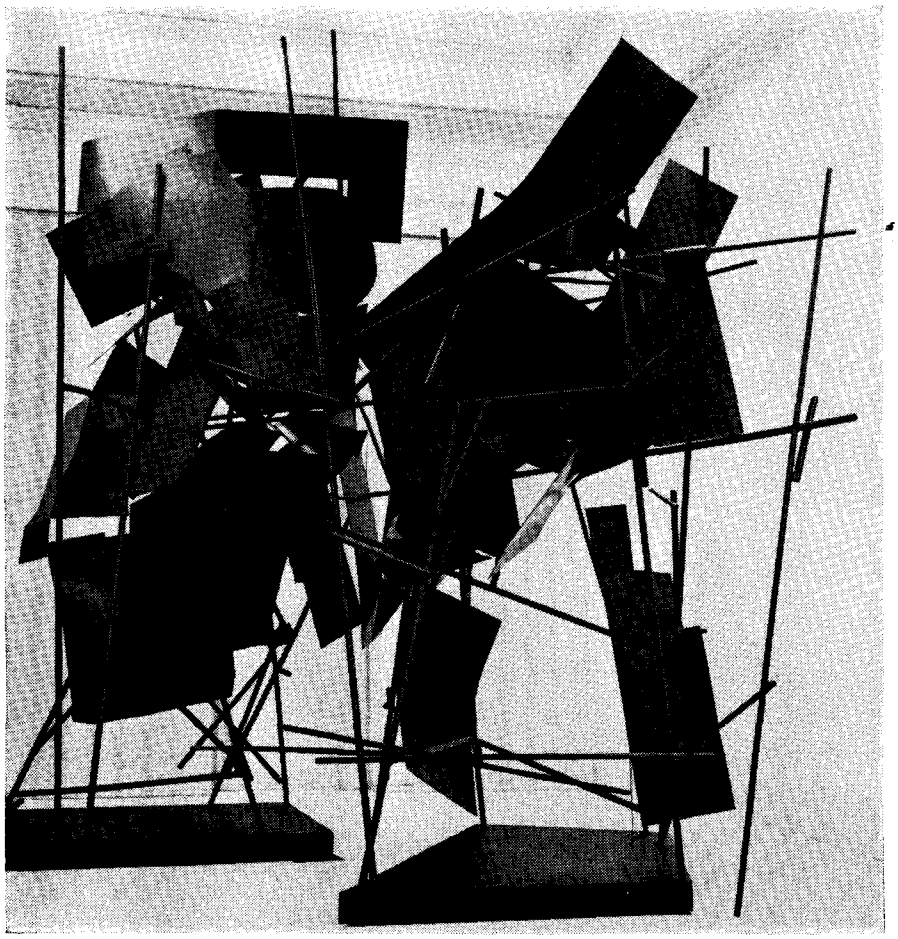
If his range of themes from birth to extinction is wide, so, too, is his range of materials and methods. There are the wondrous rapid drawings on paper where line does more than reinterpret mythological subjects; it lives as an entity in itself, staccato, electric, and stabbing. Then come the small terra-cotta reliefs with their slightly undulating surfaces and potent incised lines. Totally unexpected are the large geometric metal constructions Nakian makes from time to time. Here the artist reasserts the formal interplay of cubist planes, using metal plates to break up and recreate his forms.

In the Museum of Modern Art garden this summer, not far from the Egan Gallery, one finds the antithesis of Nakian's *Goddess*. Here his *Rape of Lucrece*, made from steel, cuts through space with tilted planes and lines. This is not a simple cubist construction but a complex play of light, shadow, and reflection, of negative form and penetrating space. The symbolism is more remote than in the romantic plaster and bronze groups, yet it is nonetheless there. And so, too, are the thrusts and counterthrusts we find in much of Nakian's work. The black presence of *Lucrece* seems to be energized by some gigantic mechanistic hand. Everything is in organized opposition. Every plane interacts with its neighbor. Even the basic skeleton of black pipes resists as it supports the crisp moving sheets of metal. Nothing is static, nothing secure.

Though Nakian is widely admired by artists and connoisseurs, his name is not as familiar to the general public as it should be. He is, without doubt, one of America's most important living sculptors. Born in New York State in 1897, he, along with Gaston Lachaise, became an assistant to Paul Manship. Later the two younger men shared a studio and very likely influenced each other. After a trip to Europe on a Guggenheim Fellowship, Nakian returned to make portrait busts of fellow artists, as well as of F.D.R. and his cabinet. Despite considerable recognition at this point, he retreated from an established and popular position in order to pursue his own way more intensively. Inventing as he went along, he has since produced a formidable body of work.

Unabashedly at home with the past, he infuses it with new meaning. It has been many a year since any artist has so successfully related pagan myths to the reality of our own chaotic world. Nakian shows us how universal are the wisest findings of the past, how unchanging are basic human drives.

—KATHARINE KUH.



"The Rape of Lucrece," by Reuben Nakian.

Behind the Mask

Continued from page 10

in the technological superiority of American industry. We are due for a rude awakening, for the depletion that is visible in the shipbuilding field is also visible in an array of other American industries, notably those that produce basic industrial goods of many sorts.

Americans have believed that our nation is so wealthy and so productive that there is no possible contradiction between massive military buildups and growing affluence for all. The United States can afford guns *and* butter; besides, doesn't defense spending put money into circulation? This was learned from three years of U.S. involvement in World War II—an experience different from twenty years of Cold War. The contradiction between guns and butter is now real and measurable. Our able young men cannot, at once, be trainees for the Atomic Energy Commission and *physicians in training.*

NATIONAL concentration on the production of overkill, which gives priority to talent and capital for the military sphere, has produced in many industries a deterioriation so severe that they are virtually at a terminal condition in terms of economic and technical competence. The point of no return for an industry is reached when it becomes difficult to estimate how long it would take to restore it to economic health. We are approaching that point in the shipbuilding industry and the issue now is: How much second-rate industry is the United States prepared to suffer at the price of accumulating overkill without limit? How much loss of productive employment should be tolerated? How dependent on foreign countries for the supply of industrial goods should the United States become?

Our economists are quick to remind us that it is efficient to buy things from the cheapest producer. Altogether reasonable. But this rule of reason does not give us instruction about what to do when the noncompetitiveness of American industry has become epidemic, and results in major withdrawals of American firms from productive work in this country.

If the epidemic of noncompetitiveness spreads, we will be left with unassailable leadership in slick packaging and the design of gadgets and Polaris submarines. This direction is the way to an incompetent society, and that is where we are heading fast.

If, instead, our choice is to repair the depletion in American life, then converting to productive growth will have to become the American agenda, 1965 to 1985.

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All the News All the Time

AN UNDENIABLE air of excitement pervades WINS, a Group W (Westinghouse) radio station that has recently shifted to a twenty-four hour a day, all-news operation. Joel Chaseman, the general manager, says that the station's staff feel like pioneers. Two other radio stations, one in Tia Juana, the other in Chicago, have an all-news policy; but these, according to Mr. Chaseman, are "rip and read" operations – announcers tear wire-service bulletins off press tickers and recite them, without change, into microphones. WINS is different. It uses the wire-services; but it also has a staff of forty reporters, all experienced newsmen, who do original reporting, outside broadcasts, and interviews. The station has mobile transmitters, staff men in major American cities, and correspondents overseas. The management has made a "total commitment" to news. Events are not merely reported on the hour or half-hour in headlines, bulletins, or longer segments. The news is packaged, as it breaks, in thirty-minute blocks. Stories are followed as they develop, given "depth" and "filled-out" with details. Weather, sports, and local police-desk stories are interwoven with the big news as it unfolds—the whole pattern stitched together, of course, with commercials. No music is heard on the station, except in the sponsored messages. There are no talks or discussions. The news is repetitive but progressively refreshed. The staff, liberated from the confinements of the conventional schedule, can "swarm over" a major story-break, and stay with it as long as it likes.

No disc jockey interrupts; no "program balance" need be considered. At WINS the newsroom is sovereign. The perch at 1010 on the dial is heady for radio reporters—a breed that entered broadcasting through the back door some forty years ago and has since played second fiddle to entertainment, more or less. The excitement among the professionals at the station is spiced with some evidence that the new policy may make it financially. A Special Trendex Study of New York radio showed that "after only eight weeks of all-news programing by the station, more adults who tune to radio specifically for news tune to WINS than to any other New York radio station." The study also revealed that "more adult men listen to WINS than any other New York radio station."

A small mail flutter suggests that the all-news station has picked up a more mature, more thoughtful audience to replace whatever teen-agers it has lost. The new listeners appear "news-hungry." They appreciate not having to wait for the hour or half-hour to find out what's happening in the world. Some formerly inveterate "dial-flippers" now stay magnetized to WINS. One letter-writer told the management he had protested to a newspaper critic who had characterized much of the station's news coverage as "trivia." "Please don't rock the boat," said the loyal listener. The small stories and petty adventures in a big city's life undoubtedly abound at WINS. Many listeners don't care for them; yet for others, perhaps, they gratify some deep need for participation.

The all-news coverage is at its best when it does "swarm over" and stay with some big story, surrounding it with side-bars other stations cannot provide for lack of time, personnel, and equipment. Of course there's a lot of padding even in the big stories; but this is endemic in a machined-news process where you often hear the same stories first thing in the morning that you heard at night. Nevertheless there is a special advantage to the WINS policy. At any moment you know what you won't get; you can sample and stay or get out: "We are," said Mr. Chaseman, "a reference point on the dial."

Forty radio stations compete in the New York area—and the broadcaster's problem is marginal differentiation. WINS has marked out a clear function for itself: yet there may be an apple in its Eden. The clue is in a letter to the station from an admirer. "You have introduced a new facility into the life of the city," he wrote. "News now flows on tap over WINS, and can be turned on or off at will—like water, gas, and electricity." The comparison may be somber. The utilities represent the ultimate in civilized convenience; but they lack romance. "Radio," asserts Mr. Chaseman, "is incidental. We have become an information source." High-speed communication may be essential to the human nervous system in an accelerating technology—and profitable. But alas for the modern journalist who betrays his Homeric heritage for the role of a maintenance man! The human spirit—in its perpetual quest for novelty—may turn elsewhere; perhaps to a speechless radio station—silent upon an electronic pipeline in New York.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"If you don't pay us now, Ferguson, I'll tell all your other creditors that you have paid us."

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Caine and the Brain Drain

THE RECENT financial successes of United Artists have not gone unnoticed in the film industry and, as a matter of fact, any one who takes the time to peruse daily stock averages in the newspapers can see for himself that the firm's common stock has more than doubled in value in the past couple of years. A fictional chap called James Bond is at least partially responsible for the price zoom. So, with the uncanny acumen, not to say wizardry, that film company executives have long been known for, orders from on top have put several pictures of more or less like ingredients into the works, and for the next year or two, at least, there will be no dearth of suspense on motion picture screens. Universal has already brought out *Mirage*, a so-so yarn about an amnesiac inadvertently involved in an evil plot to mis-use a new atomic discovery. It boasts attractive playing by Gregory Peck, the beauteous Diane Baker, and Walter Matthau, but it lacks the zingy action and wildly colorful fantasy of *Goldfinger*. Much, much better and a worthy competitor to the Ian Fleming-based tales is *The Ipcress File*, a new Universal release. It seems to me the very model of a suspense entertainment, stylishly directed, wittily written, and played with immaculate timing by a cast of British actors.

The British have long had a way with this kind of material, in both book and film form, and it is no accident that the Bond movies all are basically British in origin (with American heavy financing). *The Ipcress File* is also British-made, and brings to notice Sidney J. Furie, a director whose previous efforts had pretty much been confined to Cliff Richards vehicles, not regarded as a particularly American cup of tea. Mr. Furie has obviously studied the more experimental of the young French directors, but instead of using bizarre camera angles and shock cutting to weight down a film with pretentiousness, he has applied the techniques with a light, witty, and effective touch, thus adding zest, for those who appreciate such filmic touches, to what otherwise might have been a commonplace suspense yarn. He goes so far as to shoot one scene through the small window of a parking meter, an angle hitherto overlooked by such as Godard and Bourguignon.

But this kind of film, to be successful, needs a hero played by an interesting actor, and Michael Caine, if he continues in the genre, may well give Sean Connery a run for the big money. He's seen as Harry Palmer, a not altogether savory intelligence agent who engages in his dangerous occupation because of a polite form of official blackmail. He might go to jail because of some of his black market activities in Berlin if he doesn't play ball with military and civil intelligence. His assignment is to facilitate the return of a kidnapped (and, as it turns out, brainwashed) British scientist. The brain drain, you know. The trail leads him to a mysterious fellow who operates under the code name of Bluejay, and it isn't long before he stumbles across the machinery of a devilish brain-washing conspiracy which, if it continues to operate, will eventually wash clean most of Britain's scientific brain-power. No more than this should be divulged, if the fun is not to be spoiled. Michael Caine plays the agent in an enjoyably relaxed manner; he's a little grudging about the work he has to do, cooks his own meals in a grubby London flat, and being definitely non-U, has little of the taste that Connery-Bond shows for select vintages and haute cuisine. On the other hand, he does appreciate girls, and has a good-looking accomplice in Sue Lloyd, who might be a counter-espionage agent, and then again might not. Their lines give each a ready, caustic wit.

Others in the cast, such as Nigel Green, Guy Dolfman, and Gordon Jackson, are all good, and impeccably British in dress, behavior, and clipped understatement. The title, by the way, has to do with the discovery of a small length of ordinary magnetic tape with the word Ipcress marked on it; when played on a recorder it emits a horrendous noise. Naturally, it occurs to the intelligence people that it might offer a clue if played at varying speeds, say three and three quarters or one and seven eighths inches per second. But enough has been told, and for the rest I recommend that you see the film for yourself.

I wish I could recommend *Harvey Middleman, Fireman*, the first feature effort of the talented Ernest Pintoff, known for *The Critic* and other cartoon shorts, but I found its humor strained and its story limp. Harvey Middleman (Gene Troobnick) is presented to us as a dedicated, sincere fireman who finds his monogamous family life unsatisfying. When he rescues an equally simple-minded bachelor girl during a fire and embarks on a guilt-ridden affair, he turns to psychoanalyst Hermione Gingold for assistance. This shaky foundation for a story line soon collapses into inanity, and the dialogue, which seems written for drawing rather than speaking, is no help at all. The idea of a Freudian fireman might have seemed funny in conception, but in the firehouse it turns out inane. Mr. Pintoff wrote it, directed it, composed the music, and co-produced the film, and for this he gets credits, not credit.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

GEORGE AXELROD'S
LORD LOVE A DUCK
AN ACT OF PURE AGGRESSION

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Editorial

Continued from page 12

accomplished paradox-spotter and could transform an opponent's arguments into a sanguinary battlefield on which his adversary's conflicting ideas would war with themselves.

He didn't dislike the arena but he resented the time it took away from creative brooding. Early in the 1952 campaign he asked us to visit him in Springfield. "Not far outside the city there's a hilltop," he said shortly after we arrived. "It's not more than a couple of hundred feet high, but you can look out over a great panorama of the American plains. You can see long vistas from mountain-tops or skyscrapers, but you won't have a stronger feeling about America than you can get from this particular lookout. When Abe Lincoln was in Springfield he used to come to this hilltop alone, spend hours there, and let thoughts come to him because he was ready to receive them—something that didn't happen when people or problems were crowding in upon him and he was tyrannized by his schedule. After I became Governor, I would go out to that hilltop by myself; sometimes I would stay out there eight or ten hours at a time. It helped me. It helped me a great deal. I went out there shortly before the nomination. But in the weeks ahead, there's not going to be much of a chance to do any thinking at all; certainly not the kind of thinking that comes more or less naturally on that hilltop. I'm going to be on the road. The big danger is that I'll be giving out much more than I'll be taking in. That's not the kind of deficit that is going to do anybody any good.

"Anyway," he continued, "I want somebody on that hilltop or its equivalent who can be thinking and looking far ahead and who can prod me into doing the things that it would be easier not to do. Don't try to think of the things that are politically shrewd; I'm pretty well stocked in that department. Try to think of the next generation."

We accepted the assignment and took its terms literally. The things we thought about most were not the things that readily made for votes; instead, we thought about the architecture of peace, the need to bring nuclear weapons under control, the changing shape of Asia and Africa. Stevenson rejected neither the subjects nor the difficult risks they posed. When he accepted an idea he didn't just convey it or retail it. He stewed in it, worked over it, made it his own. He wanted to be prodded, as he had put it, but he couldn't be manipulated or stuffed.

Sometimes we wondered whether he ever regretted taking positions long before the nation really wanted to deal with them. In fact, we felt more than a little guilty for our own small part in getting him to do just what he had asked us to do—to put the tough ones in front of him and make him look at them. Not until years later—just last year in fact—did we know how he really felt on this matter. He was the principal speaker at a public dinner at which we were to receive an award. With a characteristically light and witty touch he said he had come to join in tribute to a man whose ideas, particularly on nuclear testing, had cost him three million votes—according to the political analysts. Then, even more characteristically, his expression and voice turned reflective and serious, even somber, and he said he had no regrets. He was far ahead of his times on the issue of banning nuclear testing, but it is possible that the nation would not have been able to take that vital step when it did without his having prepared the way.

NO decision he ever made in life required more soul-searching and anguish than the decision to accept the appointment as head of the United States delegation to the United Nations. Many of his friends, in fact, were appalled when he didn't accept at once; he said he wanted ample time to think it over. His profound interest in the United Nations, his concern for world peace, the luster he would bring to the world assembly and the lift his presence would give his fellow delegates at a time when there was some question about the extent of the American commitment to the U.N.—all these reasons seemed to his supporters to call for prompt and enthusiastic acceptance.

"I just don't know," he told us. "I know everyone wants me to jump up and down with delight and say this is the thing I want to do more than anything else in the world, but I just don't know. I don't want to be a lawyer arguing a case whether he believes in it or not. I'm not just interested in explaining or defending a policy; I want to be involved in the making of that policy."

A man of his stature was in a position to help shape policy, we argued, just by being there. Certainly he was in a much stronger position to influence American policy from a summit inside the U.N. than from any station outside the U.N. or outside the U.S. government.

"I'm not absolutely certain of that," he said. "Once I take it, I can't walk away from it—even if I don't like a policy I have to defend. Something like this could tear you to pieces."

Even as we pressed the case for acceptance, we knew that he knew he would take it. He would have to take it. But first he wanted to be able to think it through, to have a reasonably clear idea of where he was going and the kind of problems that were likely to arise. And he felt justified in seeking assurance that he would be consulted on major questions of U.S. foreign policy that were certain to come before the U.N. He received the assurance and he took the job.

As he had feared, however, some major U.S. foreign policy decisions bypassed the U.N., and more than one consultation came after the fact. He gave his job the best he had, even when one or two of the positions he had to defend seemed to him to be lacking in that quality of careful thought and arduous analysis that might anticipate the effects of certain actions.

A few months ago, he went to lunch with a small group of magazine editors. "Suppose," one of them asked him, "you were able, just by waving a magic wand, to do the one job in the world you wanted most to do other than what you are now doing. What would it be?"

"Other than the Presidency, of course," he said with a smile. "I suppose I would have to say it would be the job of U.S. Secretary of State. Assuming you could really be involved in making policy and not just be an administrator, that job, with its infinite complexities and challenges, is the one I would have to choose. Apart from that, I think I might like to be in your business, editing a newspaper or a magazine. You know, my father owned a small newspaper and I always felt that this was something I might like to return to at some time."

HIS last public speech was at the Twentieth Anniversary Commemorative Meeting of the United Nations at San Francisco. He seemed somewhat tired, even wan. He had never been a stranger to fatigue, but had always seemed to find new energy just in the act of getting up to speak. This time, however, the old bounce and verve were not readily apparent. But there was no failure of the moral imagination or lack of resonance in the ideas themselves.

"Man in his civil society has learned how to live under the law with the institutions of justice, and with a controlled strength that can protect rich and poor alike," he said. "And in this century, for the first time in human history, we are attempting similar safeguards, a similar framework of justice, a similar sense of law and impartial protection in the whole, wide society of man.

"This is the profound, the fundamental, the audacious meaning of the United Nations. It is our shield against international folly in an age of ultimate weapons."

Such at least is the advice of a thoughtful man to an age whose greatest need is time for thought. —N.C.

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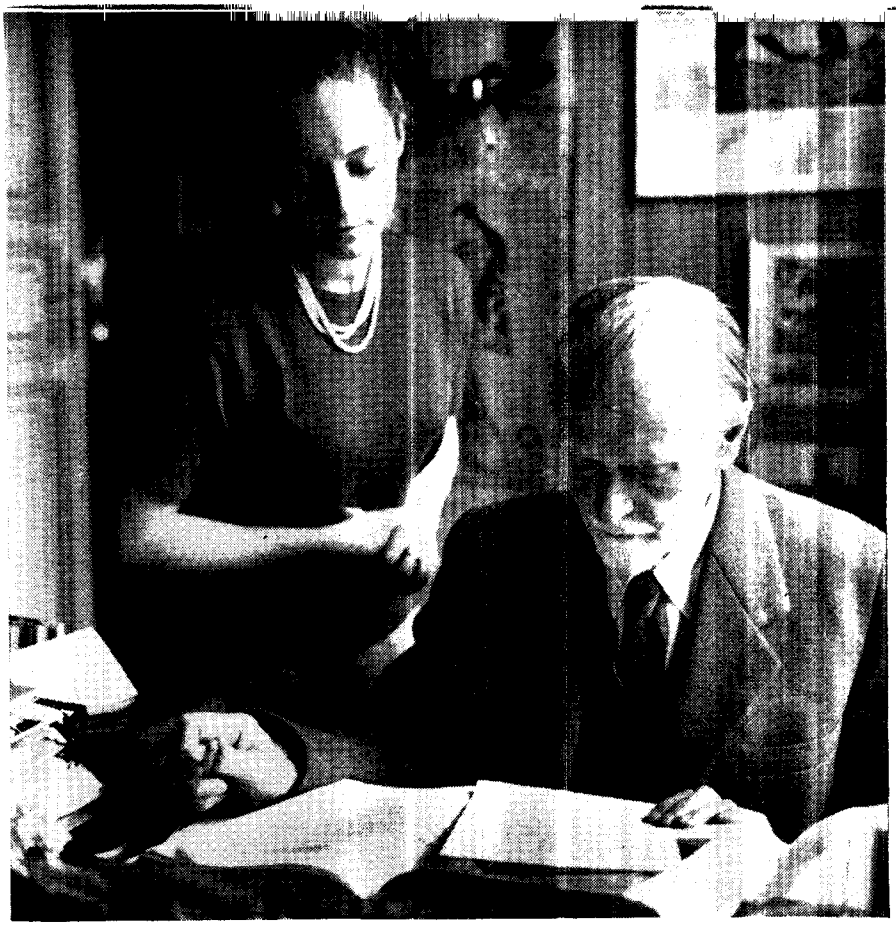

Sander Acs.

The composer and his wife at home in Budapest

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THE LIVES OF KODALY

By ALEXANDER L. RINGER

THANKS to the gradual restoration of friendly relations between Hungary and the United States, as well as the perspicacity of Dartmouth College in inviting him to participate in this year's "Congregation" (see page 35) Zoltán Kodály is revisiting this country following a prolonged period of absence. The master's presence, welcome under any circumstances, should prove of very special interest to a generation that tends to identify contemporary music with a frantic sort of avant-gardism catering only to extremes, whether in the guise of total serialism or the ultimate in indeterminacy. Most of those toeing the *modernistic party line reject* Kodály as hopelessly old-fashioned; some admit their respect for his magnificent craftsmanship. But few, if any, truly understand the man and his heroic dedication to the idea that music is one and indivisible and should never lose touch with the people.

Much has been said in recent years about "socialist realism" in music, an elusive concept at best, a misconceived idea at worst, awaiting as yet the infallible judgment of history. But whatever its general ramifications, "realism" as a descriptive term fits Kodály's "lives" and work to perfection. At the age of eighty-two he reigns not only as the undisputed dean of European composers; he also looks back upon sixty years of leadership in folk-music research and music education. It was he who in 1905 initiated the musicological field work among the Hungarian peasants, joined a year later by his close friend, Béla Bartók. And it was he who shortly after World War II persuaded the authorities to sponsor a pilot school combining general and musical education at the elementary and secondary school levels. By now a hundred such schools throughout the country are bringing musical literacy to thousands of children in accordance with his precepts, and there is little in which he takes greater pride. As for folk-music research, while serving as president of the International Folk Music Council, Kodály continues to direct the Institute for Folk Music, a constituent part of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, where sixteen of his disciples are busily engaged in collecting, transcribing, and classifying the rich musical heritage of Hungary's highly diversified rural population, a heritage seriously threatened with rapid extinction by commercial popular music and the mass media of communication.

INEVITABLY, Kodály's life-long devotion to his country's indigenous musical traditions left a deep imprint upon his creative work as a composer. Thus, during the same year, 1906, which saw the completion of his doctoral thesis on the "Strophic Structure of Hungarian Folksong," he also produced his first large-scale orchestral composition, *Summer Night* (later revised and dedicated to Toscanini), an astonishingly mature work pervaded already by the folk song-based pentatonicism that was to become

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the Kodály trademark. Quite early in life Kodály had been struck by the fact that his country was divided musically no less than socially into two separate major groups that moved in seemingly incompatible worlds: the German-oriented urban population on the one hand, and, on the other, the peasantry pursuing its ancient ways of life. Persuaded even then that "music belongs to the people," he set out to bridge this socio-musical abyss by means of a three-pronged attack through research and education, as well as composition. And so, while Bartók, his profound concern with folkloristic elements notwithstanding, soon moved into an esthetic world that was to be exclusively and inimitably his own, Kodály deliberately, yet without compromising his artistic integrity, limited himself to relatively conventional structural patterns and an idiom calculated to have the broadest possible appeal.

In other words, as a composer, too, Kodály always remained the imaginative teacher of his people, communicating with them in the vernacular, so to speak. This was quite in contrast to Bartók who was ready, if necessary, to sacrifice short-range educational gain for the sake of more esoteric compositional solutions that could count on much less immediate response from a public brought up on the masterworks of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But the relative conservatism of Kodály's music, as compared with that of Bartók, derives also from a felicitous affinity with the human voice, the natural instrument possessed by all, rich and poor alike. Working with the peasants of the Hungarian plains Kodály quickly learned that people unable to afford even the simplest of musical instruments may turn out to be excellent vocal musicians, and he acted accordingly as a composer.

Kodály's "realism" is indeed an integral function of his deepseated, often fiercely militant humanism. It was this humanistic attitude which forced him onto the side of the revolution following World War I, making his name anathema during the early years of the Horthy regime, yet causing him at all times to remain true to his profound religious convictions. It is hardly an accident, all considered, that some of his very best music is found in the monumental choral works, the *Psalmus Hungaricus* of 1923, that inspired protest against oppression whatever its source, the *Te Deum* of 1936, and the *Missa brevis* completed in the catacombs of the Budapest Opera House while the Russians were mopping up the last of the Fascist troops.

Ever since the romantic image and self-image of "the composer" took shape, well over a century ago, musicians have occupied positions of authority in the socio-political as well as the artistic spheres, specifically in countries fighting for their political independence. Thus, in the nineteenth century, Chopin, and later Paderewski, became identified with the Polish liberation movement, Verdi with its Italian counterpart. Wagner, who fancied himself a national philosopher, bequeathed an aura of respectability upon the German "myth of the twentieth century." And Sibelius, needless to say, is still regarded by many as the very symbol of Finland's national aspirations.

While Western artists today proudly affirm their internationalism, national self-assertion through music and art remains the order of the day in Eastern Europe. Kodály himself declared recently that it was the contact with Russian music that crucially influenced his later work, just as the experience that was Debussy had determined his early break with the German tradition: "I decided that that was the road we should follow in order that our voice should be heard." Even in Hungary, to be sure, the esthetics of "realism" mean less and less to a generation that often confuses the "new" with the "novel." But by the same token, although inescapable linguistic problems have forestalled a broader acquaintance with some of his finest vocal compositions, Kodály's music continues to charm large audiences in the East as well as the West.

Zoltán Kodály (with beard, right) and Bela Bartók (first figure at left) photographed in 1910 with members of the Waldbauer Quartet. The leader, Imre Waldbauer, is standing beside Kodály.

WHATEVER his world-wide status, in his native country Kodály is worshipped in a manner worthy of a saint. Observers from abroad have found it difficult to understand how any creative musician could enjoy so much unsolicited and sincere affection and admiration on the part of so many different types of people. And yet, one merely has to witness him in animated conversation with a group of humble peasants or, for that matter, sophisticated members of the arts and sciences, in order to realize that in Hungary at least untold thousands recognize in Kodály the most powerful cultural force affecting their personal lives.

Wherever he appears, walking erect and holding high his impressive head crowned by a long mane of white hair, people of all kinds gather around him, eager to catch a good glimpse of the figure to whom they attach so much importance. Understandably, Kecskemét, a county seat some sixty miles to the southeast of Budapest, is inordinately proud of its most famous native son. But what gives this pleasant town of 70,000 inhabitants truly national and potentially international importance in the world of music is not so much the accident of birth of Kodály, who left the area as a very young man, as the educational experiment which has been carried out since 1950 at its General School of Singing and Music. For it was here that the first beginnings were made on the venture that has now spread so widely through Hungary.

History may or may not take kindly to Kodály's artistic achievement. But it will never be able to deny that throughout the greater part of the twentieth century the grand old man of Hungarian music, ever-youthful in mind and body, represented living evidence that a people's cultural strength and consciousness will outwit any number of devastating wars and changing political regimes. Kodály himself has been central to this, and remains so today.

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Dartmouth's Congregation

By OLIVER DANIEL

SOME of the best summer music being made today can be found in three small towns in New England: at Tanglewood in Lenox, Massachusetts, in Marlboro, Vermont, and at Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, all within a radius of about fifty miles. Concert life of the three areas is individual and markedly different. Tanglewood, with the superb Boston Symphony Orchestra, plays it safe and offers programs practically the same as those given during the orchestra's winter season. The exception of course is the remarkable series of avant-garde programs, sponsored by the Fromm Foundation, beginning in mid-August. Marlboro, with Casals in residence, is preoccupied with the past. But it is Dartmouth which offers the most interesting combination of contemporary and conventional fare. In its new and beautifully designed complex of halls and studios called Hopkins Center, the college has embarked on what it calls a Congregation of the Arts with music under the imaginative direction of Mario di Bonaventura. The current program extends from June 30 to August 21, and revolves around the presence of three distinguished contemporary composers, Ernst Krenek, Zoltán Kodály, and Ross Lee Finney. Unlike Tanglewood, which also has had many distinguished composers-in-residence—but played little of their music—Dartmouth attempts to explore their output in depth and is doing so brilliantly. This pattern has gone on for several years and has brought in such composers as Elliott Carter, Carlos Chavez, Henry Cowell, Vincent Persichetti, and Walter Piston. Dartmouth has also commissioned many new works and has produced an impressive series of first performances.

To many listeners who are but casually aware of his music, Krenek may seem a formidable and difficult composer and it is only when they are exposed to the range of his style and output that they can assess this extraordinary man. Dartmouth has made this possible. The opening concert of the series, which was devoted to chamber works, was divided between two compositions of Krenek and the *Kreutzer Sonata* of Beethoven. It began with Krenek's Four Bagatelles or, as it is also referred to, his Sonata for Four Hands, which was written in 1931. Since I was not able to attend this performance, I have instead listened to it on tape and it was interesting to compare it with an earlier recorded performance by Maro Ajemian and Krenek himself. Frankly, while the recorded version has the authoritative stamp of the composer performing, I had not appreciated the piece until I heard the exceptionally fine performance by Anthony di Bonaventura and Martin Canin. This is a perky work which must be a joy to play as much as it is to hear. Following this, Carolyn Stanford sang three warmly romantic *Verhären* songs for mezzo soprano, clarinet, and string quartet, which date from 1924. Krenek also conducted his *Three Gay Marches* for winds and percussion: inconsequential perhaps, but good fun.

The first orchestral concert, on Sunday, July 4, was a neat balance of Krenek, Mozart, and Schuman, conducted by Mario di Bonaventura and Ernst Krenek. The Dartmouth Symphony Orchestra is composed of excellent first-chair players who are faculty members, students, and residents of the local community. While this may label it as semi-professional, it is nevertheless an excellent orchestra that is capable of playing with precision and quality. And Mario di Bonaventura has the makings of a major conductor. His treatment of Mozart's *Haffner Symphony* save for a few unfortunate bloopers, was an eminently satisfying performance and a delight to hear. The same can be said of the superbly performed Cello Concerto of Schumann with Paul Olefsky, soloist. But musical interest centered primarily on the Krenek works. The first was his *Monologue for Stella,* based on a drama of Goethe. It was written in 1928, shortly after Krenek had composed *Jonny Spielt Auf,* and it reflects the romantic idiom which he cultivated at that time. Sung beautifully by Gwendolyn Walters, it is rich and full and not unlike some of the early works of Schönberg. This was followed by Krenek's *Eleven Transparencies,* which was commissioned by the Louisville Orchestra and was performed and recorded in 1954. As a conductor, Krenek is both extremely skillful and meticulous and the care he lavishes on little details gives his reading of his own works a very special quality. The *Transparencies* become increasingly attractive with repeated performances and the interpretative clues to the various movements such as "Design from Darkness," "Flashes," "Waves," "Volcano of Anguish," and the like, are given, so he tells us, "to inspire moods in the performer, if he cares to be inspired." The title, *Eleven Transparencies,* was to suggest "something shining through the music," says Krenek but "What it is is anybody's guess, as it was my own." This is compact, highly organized music but, despite its compositional discipline, seems to have a quality of utmost fantasy and freedom.

The chamber program of July 7 was the only all-Krenek program of this series. It consisted of *Pentagram* (for

(*Continued on page* 44)

Ernst Krenek (left) and Mario di Bonaventura, director of music for the Dartmouth "Congregation."

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Kansas City Perspective

THE POSITION of Kansas City in the jazz story has at different times been ignored, misunderstood, and exaggerated. Confusion has increased in recent years because of the unavailability of what was, probably, the most historically significant of all record sessions by that city's jazz musicians. This situation has now been rectified with the release in RCA Victor's Vintage series of *Count Basie in Kansas City* (LPV-514), a collection of sixteen performances made by Bennie Moten's band between 1929 and 1932.

Previous reissues of music by Moten began at the wrong end of the discography, presumably to satisfy antiquarians and collectors. His band's last date, in December 1932, was by far the best, a fact emphasized on the album's second side by recordings made two and three years earlier.

Between 1930 and 1936, there was only this one session in 1932 to indicate what kind of musical brew was fermenting in Kansas City. Without it, certain musical events of 1936 would have caused even more surprise than they did. In that year, the bands of Andy Kirk and Count Basie both made a big impression in the East, on records or in person. Because of Basie's subsequent success, Kirk's place in the picture has been somewhat overshadowed, but it is important to recognize the value of his contribution.

The key personality in Kirk's band, as in Basie's, was the pianist. Mary Lou Williams, again like Basie, was no native of Kansas City, but it was there her talents flowered. Her solo recordings of 1930 and solos within the band context showed her to be superior in conception and execution to the musicians with whom she was associated. Disciplined and consistent, her work gradually grew away from the obvious influences of Earl Hines, Fats Waller, and James P. Johnson. She played with a sensitive touch, a subtle, springy beat (often more intense than was immediately apparent), and an overriding serenity of spirit that was decidedly distinctive. Similar qualities appeared in her arrangements and compositions, and by 1936, when it recorded again, the Kirk band had been transformed. It swung now, light, relaxed, and easy, with a pleasant balance of ensemble parts, and with another brilliant soloist in tenor saxophonist Dick Wilson. When it scored a big hit with "Until the Real Thing

Count Basie

Comes Along," thanks to Pha Terrell's romantic singing, the band policy changed somewhat, but in a dozen or so records it showed—nearly a year before Basie—how Kansas City was overtaking the East.

The band Count Basie recorded with at the beginning of 1937 was not the same as the one that first aroused John Hammond's enthusiasm and then earned his helping hand. Additional men to bring its instrumentation up to the road band's norm had reduced its ability to swing. "Our reputation, before we came East, was built on nine pieces," Buck Clayton has recalled, "and I don't think we ever had a bad night in Kansas City, but when we added five or six men it made a lot of difference." It was some time before Basie could recapture the feel of the smaller group, but when he did a memorable period in jazz ensued.

GENERALLY, the increased size of the big bands had kept pace with increased technical facility of musicians, but the ambitions of arrangers whose music was often performed in theaters, in nightclubs, and as part of lavish floorshows, did not always accord with the needs of dancers, and dancers the K.C. bands seemed always to have had very much in mind. "Moten's Swing," a number based on the chords of a 1930 popular song, survived as a jazz classic and was originally always played at an eminently danceable tempo. The size of ballrooms, however, partly dictated the use of the tuba in the rhythm section before the advent of electrical amplification, and this instrument's presence, except in expert hands, tended to reduce the feeling of swing. This was especially the case on records, where the sound of the string bass was also much more agreeable to the ear. Moreover, the steady four-four beat possible on string bass was seldom aspired to or achieved by the tuba players except at the most comfortable tempos.

The difference is well shown on RCA Victor's new Moten album. Basie is heard on both sides, but the characteristics of what might be called the "Basie rhythmic effect" are not really evident until he is joined by Walter Page, a bassist, bandleader, and well-schooled musician with whom he had previously worked. Influenced by Wellman Braud, whose strongly rhythmic bass-playing was a feature of the early Duke Ellington band, Page has seldom been given his due except by musicians. The tremendous drive he and Basie created together was the fundamental source of inspiration on the 1932 session. Between them, they caught up and carried along guitarist Leroy Berry and drummer Willie McWashington, who were not of the same musical stature as their eventual successors, Freddie Greene and Jo Jones. What is widely regarded as the ultimate in rhythm sections was, of course, attained with the addition of Greene and Jones, but the Moten album proves that they were the gilt on the gingerbread, the gingerbread itself being the Basie-Page duo. And the earlier recordings in the set show that Basie could not obtain the effect he wanted with the tuba of Page's predecessor.

"Lips" Page and Jimmy Rushing had both been acquired by Moten from Walter Page's Blue Devils band, and in 1932 he had Ben Webster as well. Neither Webster nor "Lips" Page was then the commanding artist he later became, but both were jazzmen in the truest sense of the word, and Webster's enthusiasm overcame technical inadequacies to make him a tremendous force in the three-piece reed section. Indeed, the enthusiasm of the band as a whole is the more remarkable in that the men were in desperate straits. Clarinetist Eddie Barefield has told how a friend helped them prepare for the session: "He got us a rabbit and four loaves of bread, and we cooked rabbit stew right on a pool table. That kept us from starving, and then we went on to make the records."

THE band may have been capable of more polished performances than those they recorded, but they still have a breathtaking vitality. Even at breakneck tempos an astonishing ability to swing remains, and this was the paramount objective of Kansas City groups then and in 1936-37. Their "head" (oral) arrangements were always designed with this in mind. The early success of the Casa Loma band in mechanizing the exchange of short phrases (or "riffs") between brass and reeds (as on "Casa Loma Stomp," "San Sue Strut," and "White Jazz") cannot have escaped their notice. They took the device and breathed new life into it, later employing it with greater skill than on "Toby," "Blue Room," and "Lafayette" in the Moten album.

Comparison with other big jazz

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groups recorded in the period prior to Moten's 1932 session shows that those of Kansas City were a long way behind. Many of their ideas were secondhand and, with few exceptions, their soloists were relatively raw. In arrangements, over-all musicianship, and soloists, the Fletcher Henderson bands that recorded "Blazin'," "Chinatown," "Sugar Foot Stomp," "Just Blues," "House of Davis Blues," and "New King Porter Stomp" were superior. So were Don Redman's in "Shakin' the African," "Chant of the Weed," "I Got Rhythm," and "Nagasaki," Chick Webb's in "Jungle Mama," "Heebie Jeebies," and "Soft and Sweet," Earl Hines's in "Blue Drag," "Sensational Mood," and "Oh, You Sweet Thing," and McKinney's Cotton Pickers in "Gee, Ain't I Good to You?," "Miss Hannah," "Peggy," "I'd Love It," and "If I Could Be with You." The Ellington band, its artistic lead already established, recorded during this period a long sequence of excellent performances. Luis Russell's ten-piece group, well-seasoned with New Orleans talent, also made its mark with "Jersey Lightning," "Saratoga Shout," "Panama," and "Ease on Down," this band's forthright approach to the matter of swinging making it something of a precursor of what was to come from Kansas City. Another band, whose influence, via radio, was probably greater than records suggest, was that of Claude Hopkins. It enjoyed considerable success at the Savoy and Roseland ballrooms in New York, and there are likenesses between its "Mad Moments" and the uptempo performances the Bennie Moten band recorded seven months later.

THERE is no doubt at all that Count Basie played a great part in the brief renaissance of the latter band before Moten's untimely death in 1935, but it was all part of a tremendous upsurge of talent in the Southwest and West. Kansas City became a focal point, for conditions under the Pendergast regime were favorable to nightlife. Musicians there drew inspiration not only from the men in the territory bands, but also from the stars in the big bands from the East that they heard on tour, radio, and records. Because the record industry was mostly centered in New York and Chicago, other bands like Alphonso Trent's in Texas and Jeter-Pillars's in St. Louis are not adequately represented in the discographies today, but in different circumstances they might have achieved recognition similar to that granted the Basie, Kirk and Lunceford bands. As it was, the states west of the Mississippi made a magnificent and invigorating contribution to jazz of the 1930s, and there is still no number that serves better as their jazz musicians' anthem than "Moten Swing." —STANLEY DANCE.

Paul Scofield's "Lear"

"THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR." *By William Shakespeare. The Shakespeare Recording Society/A Caedmon Production. (SRS 233S. Eight sides. Boxed with full playing script.)*

King Lear, as much as any of Shakespeare's comedies, is a play based on foolishness, and though the foolishness produces a horrendous series of tragic villainies, the originating actions are not only silly in themselves but are based on a set of chivalric assumptions so far removed from our own emotional conditioning that even when we recognize that they once existed as active social forces, it is still unlikely that we can fit such a set of feelings onto our own nerve ends. The easiest name to give to the particular foolishness that motivates the action is chivalric honor.

So blinded is Lear by his own sense of his chivalric majesty that he allows himself to think majesty can exist where there is no power. Recklessly, he divides his kingdom, and though any reasonable man could foresee that such division is the classical formula for civil war, Lear thinks of nothing but his own regal gestures, and consequences be hanged. He even banishes the loyal Kent for his insistence on reality, since that insistence is at the expense of the regal gesture. So blind is the old king to all but his own majestic play-acting that he cannot even read the obvious motives of his daughters, and ends up by banishing the only one from whom he could hope for good—though, to be sure, she manages to be more than passingly offensive in her virtue.

From that opening folly (with a similar theme carried forth in Gloucester's relations with his legitimate son, Edgar, and with the bastard, Edmund), almost everyone who is not naturally mad or foolish goes into disguise as a fool or a madman. Albany, to be sure, remains true to the chivalric code of honor, but it certainly takes him a fool's own time to smell out what is happening under his nose. Gloucester, too, is honorable, but what with letting Edmund pull the chivalric plume over his eyes, and then with having them put out by Cornwall, he has his own trouble in seeing the nose in front of the world's face.

Regan, Goneril, Oswald, Cornwall, and Edmund have a certain clean-cut villainy to their profiles. But in no time at all everyone else has entered into a mad mummer's ballet. The banished Kent is wandering around the action disguised as a peasant. Edgar is disguised as a Bedlamite and leading his father a raggle-taggle pilgrimage to Dover for an imaginary plunge from the top of the cliffs. Lear is mad and raving. And, to add noise to confusion, the weather turns bad, and the only one who seems to make sense is Lear's Fool.

It is almost inevitable that the Fool, his piping chatter kept up even when he is soaked through and blue with cold, should become as memorable a character as Lear himself. And then, as if to prove that anything can happen, the Fool simply disappears near the end of Act III, probably because Shakespeare needed the boy who had been playing the Fool to take over the role of the returned Cordelia in the last two acts. The play is as jerry-built as that.

THE wonder is that out of such materials Shakespeare can still manage a magnificent sense of the sorrows of old age. The play, in fact, is the next thing to an allegory. Certainly it is no accident that Lear and the Fool suffer together, nor that theirs is the tenderest exchange of love in the whole play. What is old age, in any man's ego, if not a deposed majesty? And what is closer to it than the love of a suffering boy who still plays the Fool in his pain?

Paul Scofield, certainly, plays Lear for everything Shakespeare put into the part. He knows how to rant just enough and no more, and he knows how to darken a line with softness. Above all, his voice is infallible. It is impossible to believe that this is the same man who

(*Continued on page* 47)

THE CAST

Lear	Paul Scofield
King of France	Wallas Eaton
Duke of Burgundy	John Rogers
Duke of Cornwall	Trevor Martin
Duke of Albany	Michael Aldridge
Earl of Kent	Andrew Keir
Earl of Gloucester	Cyril Cusack
Edgar	Robert Stephens
Edmund	John Stride
Curan (A Courtier)	Arthur Hewlett
Lear's Fool	Ronnie Stevens
Doctor	Arthur Hewlett
Oswald	Willoughby Goddard
Gentleman	Ronald Ibbs
Goneril	Pamela Brown
Regan	Rachel Roberts
Cordelia	Ann Bell
A Knight	Ronald Ibbs

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Recordings in Review

The Virtuosity of Scherbaum

STRADELLA: *Sonata in D.* TORELLI: *Concerto No. 2.* VIVALDI: *Concerto in C (for two trumpets).* TELEMANN: *Sonata in D.* GRAUPNER: *Concerto in D.* FASCH: *Concerto for Trumpet and two oboes. Adolf Scherbaum, trumpet, with the Hamburg Baroque Ensemble.* DGG 19470, $5.79; stereo 136470, $5.79.

A good case could be made for the proposition that it takes greater coordination and physical dexterity to be a great wind player than a virtuoso of a string instrument or even an accomplished singer. For in addition to the finger skills that go into playing the violin, cello, or piano, and the management of breath that distinguishes great singing from good, the wind player has to develop an *embouchure* and the mastery of its use that are unique to his occupation.

Certainly Scherbaum, whose work has been heard on the *Brandenburg Concerti* conducted by Rudolf Baumgartner and who has toured in this country with the Lucerne Festival Strings, has attained a command of his instrument that marks him as the equivalent of an Oistrakh or a Sutherland. Not only has he learned to deal with all the ordinary problems of such a familiar work as the second *Brandenburg Concerto* of Bach; he has also applied himself to the promotion of a repertory which has been all but forgotten.

Whatever the qualities of the works on this overdue disc, one thing is constant: the virtuosity of Scherbaum and the musicianship with which he applies it to the problem with which he is confronted. For those who have not yet been caught up in the Telemann revival, it may be surprising to discover that the musical content of the work on this disc rates higher than that of the better-known Vivaldi (or even Torelli). But to those who have heard a representative cross-section of them (including earlier examples by Scherbaum on Archive and other labels) it will not be surprising at all.

Also of uncommon interest are the pieces by Graupner and Fasch, who have had little prior identity merely as names, and even less as creators of listenable music. However, each shared in the cultural climate that produced Telemann–Graupner was one of his colleagues, and Fasch studied with Graupner–and produced something durable

Adolf Scherbaum—"the equivalent of an Oistrakh or Sutherland." . . .

to show for it. As the notes of Ursuala Klein point out, the trend to a mode of writing away from the baroque begins to show itself in their greater emphasis on expressivity, especially in slow movements. It is a count against the works of Stradella and Torelli (the latter may or may not have been written for wind instrument, to judge from its violinistic figurations) that patterns tend to repeat themselves and that the outlines are more conspicuous than the meaning they contain.

However, this is one record whose content is not likely to be duplicated soon, least of all with the striking purity of sound that illuminates every measure.

Debut of Caballé

MONTSALVATGE: *"Canciones para niños," "Canco amorosa," "Oracao."* RODRIGO: *"Aire y Donaire," "La Espera," "Coplillas de Belen," "Coplas del Pastor, Enamorado," "Cancion del Grumete," "Canticel," "Cantiga," "Serranillo." Montserrat Caballé, soprano, with Miguel Zanetti, piano.* Odeon LALP 668, $5.98; stereo ASDL 833, $6.98.

Save for the happening of one day last April, it is quite likely that this disc would have remained quietly in the Spanish catalogue (property of an affiliate of EMI) eventually to make an appearance here through the enterprise of some astute traveler. But the circumstances of April 21, 1965, in which Montserrat Caballé was summoned (from Mexico City) to make an appearance at a Carnegie Hall performance of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* as an emergency replacement for Marilyn Horne changed all that. Miss Caballé's success was instantaneous, something that hasn't happened for an unknown singer in New York since the debut of Elena Nikolaidi in the Forties. She has already been booked for Metropolitan Opera duty next season, and the future is hers to mold as she will.

The most modest thing that was said of the Caballé debut was reference to her in terms of "the young Milanov" with hints, by others, of the qualities of Callas and Sutherland. I wasn't there, so I have no means of judging what she did in Donizetti. But those whose curiosity has been aroused by what they read will find nothing to deflate it in this disc, the first of her voice to reach the American market. It doesn't sound to me much like Milanov, young or not so young, and the allusions to Callas and Sutherland must be taken on faith until she records something in a repertory comparable to theirs. But there is no doubt at all that she is a singer with an uncommonly appealing sound, with a musician's head and an interpreter's heart.

What strikes me in this demonstration is the evenness of Caballé's forward production, the completely centered attack, devoid of scooping or slurring, on every note in the required range for her material. This is a constant feature, in fast tempo as well as slow. She also has the ability to shade and color a sound of ingratiating sheen and purity. Nothing in the present repertory requires more than a lyric's quantity, and this Caballé provides without effort or stress. The only Spanish flavor I can hear is a little inflection of nasality that suggests the late Lucrezia Bori.

In other circumstances, primary attention would doubtless be magnetized to the material she performs, for Montsalvatge is still a little known quantity in this country, save for the material first recorded by Nan Merriman, then by Victoria de los Angeles. Neither of them, so far as I can determine, dealt with these settings of poems by Garcia Lorca. Brief as they are, each setting is a perfectly realized entity, with the curve and arch of the born song writer's instinct for the rise and fall of the text. The Rodrigo songs are no less singular, for little of his vocal music has been included among the scattering of works by him that have reached this country. Caballé performs these with equal taste and vocal finesse. Zanetti is well qualified for his assignment, and the recording is good.

Madrigals by Monteverdi

MONTEVERDI: *"Lamento d'Arianna," "Lagrime d'amante al Sepolcro dell-*

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'amata." Polyphonic Ensemble of Rome conducted by Nino Antonellini, with Riccardo Castagnone, clavicembalo, and Giuseppe Martorano, cello. RCA Victor LM 7035/2, $9.58; stereo LSC 7035/2, $11.58.

One of the early revelations of the phonograph's ability to transcend time as well as distance was the version of *Lagrime d'amante al sepolcro dell'amata* by the Cantori Bolognesi that circulated in the Thirties on the Columbia label. I say *the* version because today's abundance of duplications was unknown in those days: one was grateful for the enterprise that produced *the* version. In the case of *Lasciatemi morire*, such a duplication did exist, though the authenticity of the performance directed by Nadia Boulanger was hardly challenged by the concerty solo version of Ezio Pinza.

There has been an assortment of other treatments of both in recent years, but I find the mood as well as the spirit of the music recreated at close to the ultimate in this latest pair of records. Antonellini has no prior identity, on or off records, to my knowledge, but he clearly has a long association with this literature (a native of Narzole, Italy, he was born in 1907). He has acquired a decidedly sophisticated point of view about the music he performs, especially in respect to the element of "personality."

Some might say that it is impossible to combine twenty-two voices (seven each of sopranos and tenors, with quartets of mezzos and basses) without imparting some tinge of individuality to the results. However, so discreet is the blend, so complete the submersion of self in the common purpose that the only personality that emerges is Monteverdi's.

Gladys Swarthout (c. 1947)—shining memento of [a] career

Berlioz at Toscanini's Best

BERLIOZ: *"Roméo et Juliette." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano, John Garris, tenor, and Nicola Moscona, basso, with chorus directed by Peter Wilhousky.* RCA Victor LM 7034/2, $9.58. (mono only).

Science has vastly improved the means of reproducing musical sound since this performance was transcribed as it was broadcast on February 9 and 16, 1947, but it has done nothing at all to improve the artistry of what is conveyed by the sound. Thus, for all the fact of its origin in Studio 8H, with its celebrated deadening effect on the performances that emanated from it, there is more of the essential Berlioz in this sometimes muffled but intrinsically vital sound than in any other of which there is accessible evidence.

As well as affirming the priority that has long existed in the memories of those fortunate to have such a means of comparison, the production for public purchase of this pioneering performance establishes the proper chronology among its recordings. For all the fact that the recordings of Munch (RCA LD 6098, LDS 6098) and Monteux (Westminster 233, 2233) have been available for months and years longer, it is also a fact that they did not come into existence until a decade and more after Toscanini had given his definitive demonstration of what there is in this marvelous score.

Having been privileged to write the annotation for this release, I have also been privileged to hear and rehear it a dozen times. Each new hearing has provided the occasion for admiration of some new aspect of the total; for if recognition instinctively goes to the innumerable strokes of genius that strike as suddenly as lightning and light up the surrounding musical landscape as brilliantly, realization quickly follows that it is the quality of the recreation that adds enormously to the awareness of what Berlioz was about.

Mention has been made of the "performance" of Toscanini vis-à-vis the "recordings" of Munch and Monteux. These are terms that can be used interchangeably, but as employed here they register a subtle but unquestionable distinction. For, from the start, one is conscious of being party to an event of magnitude, of participating in a rebirth rather than merely an interpretation. This derives not so much from the impulse with which the opening of the work is attacked under Toscanini's impassioned direction, but even more from the atmosphere and eloquence with which all that follows is sustained (curiously, this applies even to the extraordinary performance of the "Queen Mab" Scherzo, though that has been borrowed from the broadcast of November 19, 1951).

Musically, there is a good deal to be learned from close attention to this creation of January to September 1839 when Berlioz's two great contemporaries, Verdi and Wagner, were each twenty-six (they shared 1813 as the year of birth). Wagner's admiration for this score is well-known as a matter of record, and the evidences of its impact upon him multiply with familiarity. There is no such specific link between *Roméo* and Verdi, though his general esteem for Berlioz is equally historic. However, the more one knows of the Frenchman, the more plain is the assimilation from him by Verdi of what went into making the sound of such works as *Don Carlo*, *Aïda*, and *Falstaff*, as distinctive as they are. Nor is it an irrelevant part of the whole that Verdi and Wagner are two composers for whom Toscanini had a famous affinity.

IN addition to the fervor he brings to this performance, Toscanini had the foresight to provide himself with a trio of vocalists who were able as well as willing to do what he demanded of them. Certainly this is the most shining momento to the career of Gladys Swarthout that recordings provide, though the dusky, sensuous sound and its wholly disciplined management belie the visual circumstances (she had been hurt in an accident just before the first broadcast and performed with a foot in a cast). The memory of John Garris is dim (even for those who remember him as a fine David in *Meistersinger*, an excellent Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, and a particularly good Cassio in *Otello* at the Metropolitan in the late Forties), but it all comes back with the sound of his participation here. And, though Moscona is still an active singer, the lighter, more pliable sound of his voice (as of 1947) made him a more suitable selection for this music then than he would be now.

Thus, for all its skimpiness of instrumental enrichment and of real tonal splendor, this takes a place among the very best of Toscanini re-creations, a document of an accomplishment that well may be termed historic.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Copland: Piano Concerto, *Music for the Theater*. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic with Aaron Copland, piano. Columbia ML 6098, $4.98; stereo MS 6698, $5.98.	Leonard Bernstein's enthusiasm for these works, as well as Copland's own contribution to the performance of the piano concerto, vitalize them in a way that is able almost, if not wholly, to overcome the shortcomings of each. In the concerto, it is the stilted use of the jazz idiom of the Twenties (when it was written), in the *Music for the Theater* a rather conspicuous list of antecedents (Stravinsky, Satie, etc.) But for all that, it is absorbing to observe the extent to which Copland's later individuality is beginning to assert itself. Certainly no composer could ask more of a conductor or an orchestra than Bernstein and the Philharmonic provide for him here.
Dittersdorf, K.D.V.: Concerto in E. Burkhard Kräutler, double bass, with the Vienna Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Paul Angerer. Concerto in A flat for Violin. Dénes Szigmondy, violin, Angerer conducting. Sinfonia Concertante for double bass and viola. Kräutler, double bass, with Fritz Haendschke, viola, Angerer conducting. Amadeo AVRS 6283, $5.98 (mono only).	Dittersdorf is an excellent example of a composer to whom the gods gave everything—except a distinctive personality. This is especially evident in the two works in which the double bass is used as soloist. It sounds to me as if Kräutler is using a smallish double bass, which promotes the necessary agility. But aside from engaging the agility and technical command of the soloists, Dittersdorf does little to engage the attention of the listeners. On the other hand, the Concerto for Violin is a lively, listenable work in which the viola and bass are intermittently called upon for something more than background figurations. In this work Dittersdorf produces a skein of musical sound that is stronger than is familiarly attributed to him. Very acceptable mono sound. It should be mentioned that Szigmondy plays with virtuoso finesse and musicianly assurance, though the cadenzas suggest something post-Paganini, which is to say well after D. died (in 1799).
Giménez: *La Boda de Luis Alonso* (Intermezzo). Soutullo-Vert: *La Leyenda del Beso* (Intermezzo). Valverde: *La Gran Via* (Prelude). Guerrero: *Los Gavilanes* (Prelude). Luna: *El Niño Judio* (Prelude). Guridi: *El Caserio* (Prelude, Act II). Vives: *Bohemios* (Intermezzo). Serrano: *La Venta de los Gatos* (Intermezzo). Rafael Frűhbeck de Burgos conducting the National Orchestra of Spain. London CM 9424, $4.98; stereo CS 6424, $5.98.	Of two current discs by Frübeck devoted to music of the Spanish *zarzuela* (its companion's number is CS 6425 for stereo, CM 9425 for mono), the contents of this one are the more consistently rewarding. No single piece (except possibly the Intermezzo from Vives's *Bohemios*) is musically distinguished, but together they make a diverting sequence. To judge from the orchestral performance and recording, they are designed for the national market, for neither is impressive by international standards. Least of all do they add anything affirmative to the reputation of de Burgos. The contents of the second album are derived from Chapí's *El Tambor de Granderos* (Prelude) and *La Revoltosa* (Prelude), Chueca's "Bateo" (Prelude), Gimenez's "Alonso" (Intermezzo), Luna's *Benamor* (Fire Dance), Valverde's *Cadiz* (Prelude), and Usandizaga's *Las Golondrinas* (Pantomime). On the whole, the musical objectives of the pieces in this sequence are more ambitious than in the other, but they are only partially realized.
Janáček: *Slavonic Mass*. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic, with Helga Pilarczyk, soprano; Janis Martin, mezzo; Nicolai Gedda, tenor, and George Gaynes, bass, with the Westminster Choir. Columbia ML 6137, $4.98; stereo MS 6737, $5.98.	Leonard Bernstein's performance (of more than a year ago) is one of the best to his credit on records, in keeping with his inclination to summon more resource the greater the challenge he undertakes. Janáček's Mass is certainly such a challenge, made up, as it is, of several different kinds of music in a variety of idioms. If he doesn't achieve quite the degree of identity with the work's folk spirit that Kubelik does (on his DGG recording), it has musical distinctions of his own to balance. Certainly it is clear from this recording, as from no other, that Janáček had more kinship with Moussorgsky than with any other composer. It also shows a decline in vocal response by Miss Pilarczyk between the time of the first performance and the recording days later.
Schumann: Symphony No. 2. Overture to *Genoveva*. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. DGG 18955, $5.79; stereo 138955, $5.79.	Sooner or later the realization will emerge in our orchestral circles that Kubelik is the soundest interpreter of the nineteenth-century orchestral literature of all the men of his generation and in certain works, the equal of any. In this symphony like others by Schumann which he has recorded, he produces a result that is weighty without being ponderous, flexible without being amorphous, and full of rhythmic vitality. Indeed, having survived a too early inflation of stature and a subsequent deflation, Kubelik is moving on a steadily upward course again, propelled by his always strong musical convictions. The orchestra gives him everything he asks for, with that solidity of sound that spells Berliner Philharmoniker.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 2 in D. Lorin Maazel conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CM 9408, $4.98; CS 6408, $5.98.	As in his recent version of the Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 3, Maazel seems to have found a productive medium ground between overstatement and reticence. He also avoids the tendency to treatment of this work as an orchestral showpiece, as has become a fashion with some conductors in recent years. Out of all these inclinations and restraints emerges a statement of the music that is full-bodied yet rigorously controlled. The orchestra's capacity for a beautiful quality of sound is honored, but not exploited at the expense of more fundamental values in the music. Altogether, it is a singularly successful venture by Maazel with a composer whose emotional frankness and musical idiom tend to elude most of his conducting contemporaries. Powerful, rich-colored recording.
Walton: Symphony No. 2, *Variations on a Theme by Hindemith*. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia ML 6136, $4.98; stereo MS 6736, $5.98.	The *Variations* are, to my taste, a more successful venture than the Symphony, for the reason that they bear better witness to Walton's craftsmanship than the larger work. In selecting the opening measures of the second movement of Hindemith's cello concerto, Walton provided himself with a provocative and musically generative subject. The rather remarkable thing about it all is that more than a few of the variations sound as though Hindemith might have composed them (in addition, that is, to the seventh, in which Walton cites *Mathis der Maler*). The second symphony does not generate nearly as much productive energy as the variations and is, on the whole, a more static work. Their performances are in every way excellent. —Irving Kolodin.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Summer Nights at the Philharmonic

EVERYBODY the world around knows what a festival is. It is a musical manifestation different from the ordinary, which brings together musicians and works not commonly heard at other times, in surroundings that are attractive, with an atmosphere that may be broadly described as festive. In its opening phases, the just-launched French-American Festival of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall was a composite of some of these things on some nights, and some on others, but a totality only on the second evening of the two-week sequence.

For that was the evening on which Leonard Bernstein, who is nominally the music director of the Philharmonic, returned to "his" orchestra for the first time in more than a year. Of itself, this gave cause for calling the results a "festival." It was, however, something more than that—a kind of festival within a festival. For as Oscar Levant said years ago of another gifted American, "An evening with George Gershwin is a Gershwin evening." This was equally a case of an evening with Bernstein being a Bernstein evening, for he was both lion and lamb as conductor of a program of his own works.

There have doubtless been all-Bernstein evenings in the past, and if there have not, there will be ample time to repair this oversight in the future. What made this one notable was the first performance anywhere of his *Chichester Psalms*. Written at the invitation of the Chichester Cathedral in Sussex (England) for a premiere on July 31, the New York hearing was allowed to take precedence by kind permission of Dean Walter Hussey, Bishop of Chichester. It made an attractive introduction for a sequence of Bernsteinia otherwise devoted to the *Serenade* for violin and orchestra in which the soloist was Zino Francescatti, and the *Age of Anxiety* in which Philippe Entremont performed the piano part.

It also conveyed to me, if to no one else, the enormous strides Bernstein has made as a composer in the last decade or so. This was not so much in pursuit of a compositional procedure to which Jack Gottlieb devoted analytical comment in his annotation, but rather to the wholly successful blend of orchestra and choir (and at some moments, the solo voice of a boy alto). This may seem a rather minor point, for many contemporaries have written choral works of quality. What distinguished this one of Bernstein's from most of the others (including certain of his own) was the simple fact that it was not a work, alternately, for chorus with orchestra, or orchestra with chorus, but always and consistently a work for two equal elements of a total conception. Each occupied its own zone of tonal influence, neither interfering with nor overshadowing the other.

BERNSTEIN has taken the parts or the whole of six Psalms for his subject matter, set in their Hebrew texts. They range from "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord" to "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want," "Why do the nations rage . . ?" and "Behold how good and pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in amity." They make a sequence not only of thought but also of emotion, which Bernstein has fashioned into an artistic entity by the binding strength of the musical ideas he has evolved and the warmth of the life he has breathed into them. To say that this is a Mahlerish conception may convey an inaccurate impression of dependence on a predecessor, but the allusion is to a mode of procedure rather than a carry-over of substance. Certainly the use of low unison strings to underly the texture is Mahlerish, likewise the lack of thickness at any point in the tonal design, its transparency and balance. Doubtless Bernstein will incur the disdain of the modish in writing a score that is neither strident nor aimless, with a tonal discipline that is accessible at first hearing. But he has, to balance that, the satisfaction of immediate and direct communication with an audience that applauded at length and with fervor. Some of this was no doubt brought out by an immaculate performance in which the Camerata Singers, directed by Abraham Kaplan, and John Bogart, the young alto, had a sharing part with the orchestra. Even more could be attributed to the influence of a work which parades not, neither does it posture, but says what it has to say simply, affectingly, and with clear artistic purpose. It opens up a longer vista of future promise for Bernstein, the composer, than anything I have heard in a considerable time.

As the names of Francescatti and Entremont may suggest, the plan of the festival (which is under the artistic direction of Lukas Foss) calls for a mingling of French performers in the American works, and vice versa. On the preceding program, which was devoted to works of Debussy, Ravel, and Poulenc, the soloist in the last-named's *Gloria*, conducted by Charles Munch, was Adele Addison. She achieved the sizable feat of exceeding her own lofty standard in the solo part of the "Agnus Dei." In the days to come, Darius Milhaud, Aaron Copland, and Duke Ellington will participate in performances of their own works, with variations in programing to accommodate chamber music new and old from both sides of the Atlantic.

To judge from the pitch and intensity of the applause that greeted Munch as well as Bernstein on their first appearances, this new venture of the Philharmonic had achieved the first objective of reaching an audience different from its winter-time subscription public. The sold-out ticket racks made for a welcome assurance that there are, in mid-July, thousands in New York with the desire and the means to attend full-dress Philharmonic programs in its new air-conditioned hall. It was also encouragement for planning to proceed for another, perhaps more ambitious, festival next year.

In that planning, however, should be incorporated something to make these presentations festive in fact as well as in theory. When a Bernstein sheds his own illumination, not much more is necessary. But there was nothing more than a tricolor at one side of the stage and an American flag at the other to suggest the international character of this venture, even on the opening night, which coincided with Bastille Day. Of other decorations, there was not a trace, and the death, only hours before, of Adlai E. Stevenson—who had, let it not be forgotten, given of his time to launch the opening of Philharmonic Hall only three years ago—was completely ignored.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Antes, John: Trios. Leonard Sorkin and Abram Loft, violins, and George Sopkin, cello. Columbia ML 6141, $4.98; stereo MS 6741, $5.98.	Very likely the Pennsylvania-born Antes (1740-1811) was among the most accomplished composers to be reared in America in pre-Revolutionary times. In these works of his late thirties, the technique is assured and the ideas are elevated in tone. The idiom, however, is essentially Haydn's. Accident of birth aside, it is questionable to associate Antes with American expression in music, for he left this country in his teens and spent the rest of his life abroad working for the Moravian church. (These trios were written while he was doing missionary work in Cairo.) For the curious it may be mentioned that the performances (on behalf of the Moravian Music Foundation) are excellent, and the total production conforms to Columbia's usual high standard.
Beethoven: Sonatas Opus 14, Nos. 1 and 2. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Philips 500077, $4.98; stereo PHS 900077, $5.98. Sonatas Opus 22, Opus 49, Nos. 1 and 2. Richter, piano. Philips 500076, $4.98; stereo PHS 900076, $5.98.	If this is the beginning of a complete survey of the thirty-two sonatas by Richter (and why else would he record both works of Opus 14 and 49?), one can only await the results patiently, as a new contribution to the understanding of the low as well as the high points of this sequence. So far as the works of this pair of records are concerned, I hear more that is of interest in the B flat, Opus 22, a work of substance and character that is played less frequently than it merits. In the works of less distinguished content, Richter is inclined to skim the surface rather than peer for deeper meanings than are immediately apparent. The technical side of the task is impressively accomplished by Philips's engineers.
Bruckner: Quintet in F minor. Quartet with Cecil Aronowitz, viola. DGG 18963, $5.98; stereo 138963, $5.98.	Restricted though the means are, there is no question of the composer's identity, especially in the scherzo and slow movement. The ideas are arranged much as they are in his later symphonies (the quintet was written after the Fifth Symphony) with the same abrupt breaks taking the place of transitions, and rests rather than modulations bridging the harmonic juxtapositions. Some of it is characteristically beautiful, but the lack of orchestral mass and color contrast tends to diminish the interest and effect of compositional gambits that are clearly conceived for more than five strings. The excellent performance profits from stereo to add something to the previous mono standard of the Koeckert Quartet.
Moussorgsky: *Songs and Dances of Death*. Brahms: *Vier Ernste Gesänge*. George London, basso, with Leo Taubman, piano. Columbia ML 6134, $4.98; stereo MS 6734, $5.98.	London's artistic objectives are equally responsive to the challenge of these two major matters of the basso's repertory, but he is better disposed, vocally, to the requirements of Moussorgsky than to Brahms. This has to do, further, with the circumstance that he manages the declamation of the Russian text better than he does the more legato flow of the German (for all the fact that he speaks German, not Russian). In vocal timbre and temperamental affinity, the sound at his disposal is at its most impressive in the bigger Moussorgsky songs such as "Field Marshal Death." The Brahms songs are, at best, difficult to vitalize and London doesn't command the vocal variety or coloristic range to achieve the objective. Taubman's participation tends more to accompaniment than partnership, depriving the end product of the balance it should have.
Rainier: *Cycle of Declamation*. Bridge: *'Tis But a Week, Goldenhair, When You Are Old, So Perverse* and *Journey's End*. Bennett, R. R.: *Tom O'Bedlam's Song*. Ireland: *The Land of Lost Content, Love and Friendship, Friendship in Misfortune,* and *The One Hope*. Peter Pears, tenor, Benjamin Britten, piano, and Joan Dickson, cello. Argo RG 418, $5.98; stereo ZRG 5418, $5.98.	For the most part these songs are of the same rather narrow interest as a disc of songs by certain Americans (no matter how well regarded at home) would be for an English listener. Fortunately, it rises above that limitation in the excellent, unaccompanied cycle by Priaulx Rainier using words of John Donne ("Wee cannot bid the fruits," "In the Wombe of the Earth," and "Nunc, lento sonitu"). Though this composer is all but unknown in this country, she has a sizable gift and a sure technique. Her success extends to setting the famous *"No Man Is an Island"* in a way that enhances the meaning by the addition of music. The R. R. Bennett, incidentally, is not the well-known Robert Russell, but the lesser-known Richard Rodney. It is in his setting of *Tom O'Bedlam's Song* that the cello is utilized. Pears sings everything with his usual understanding and Britten accompanies superbly. But this kind of music needs rather more to enliven it than the tenor's constantly diminishing vocal resource.
Schubert: Sonata in A minor, Opus 143. Liszt: Sonata in B minor. Emil Gilels, piano. RCA Victor LM 2811, $4.79; stereo LSC 2811 $5.79.	In choosing to combine the Schubert A minor with the Liszt B minor, Gilels also projects a strong point in a subtle way—namely, the ability to deal equally with the extremes they contain. Careful attention to the performances themselves suggests that he is better equipped to deal with the limited dynamic demands of Schubert than he is with the unlimited ones of Liszt. The consequence, it seems to me, is for the contrasts built in by Liszt to lose something of their impact—quiet after a storm is not so quiet when the storm has failed to terrorize. On the whole I find more to admire intellectually in these performances than to respond to emotionally.
Verdi: "Ritorna Vincitor" (*Aïda*), "Ecco l'orrido campo" (*Ballo in Maschera*), Finale Act II (*La Forza del Destino*). Weber: "Leise, leise" (*Der Freischutz*). Mascagni: Easter Hymn (*Cavalleria Rusticana*). Hildegard Hillebrecht, soprano, with Gottlob Frick, bass and the chorus of the German Opera, Berlin, conducted by Heinrich Hollreiser. Eurodisc 71014, $4.98; stereo S-71015, $5.98.	Miss Hillebrecht may be something else on the stage of the Munich Opera, but on this disc the best that can be said is that she is dependably second-rate. Her voice is not remarkable for quality, and her sense for the style of Verdi is unmistakably related to the use of German texts. She is thoroughly secure in what she does, but there is insufficient personality or aural appeal in the singing to make it of interest by itself. Those interested in German sopranos will find this example of marginal interest, but the material has been done better by numerous others.
Weiss: Prelude and Gigue. Ribayaz: Dances. Milan: Fantasias. Narvaez: *Cancion*. Scarlatti: Sonata in B minor (L.449). Carcassi: Etudes. Dowland: Galliard (*Melancholy*). Rameau: Minuet (*Platee*). Villa-Lobos: *Choros* No. 1. Riera: *Cancion* and Prelude. Rodrigo Riera, guitar. Musical Heritage Society 565, $2.50; stereo 565, $2.50. Available by mail only, from Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y.	Riera is a guitarist of Venezuelan birth who has benefited from advanced training with Segovia. This record identifies him as a guitarist of unusual enterprise in his choice of material which, with the exception of Scarlatti, Dowland, and Rameau, avoids the most-played repertory of his instrument. He is also distinguished by an uncommon ear for the coloristic effects of his instrument, which he employs with taste and very good judgment. In all, Riera is a highly accomplished guitarist as well as an able composer. —I.K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Moses and Aaron, Tebaldi in *Don Carlo*

LONDON.

THERE HAS BEEN a near-explosive quality about the dying weeks of the 1964-65 musical season, forcing even those sections of the press whose interest in music is usually confined to the pop charts to sit up and take notice, albeit for the wrong reasons! It was not Aldeburgh that caused such a stir, although this Festival of Britten is one of the very few annual events which really deserves the appellation of festival. Even the extraordinary cello marathon by Rostropovitch, currently filling the Royal Festival Hall, does not rate as front-page news, although the very idea of this one-man show embracing thirty-one compositions for cello and orchestra in the course of nine concerts is surely bizarre. No, it was not our quixotic visitor from the USSR but Covent Garden that hit the headlines, thanks to one of those four-letter words Fleet Street cannot resist: O-R-G-Y.

It was on June 28 that, after more than a year's preparation, the curtain at the Royal Opera House finally rose on Schönberg's *Moses and Aaron* before an audience studded with musical celebrities, among them Kodály and Walton, and including the heads of all the major European opera houses. When it descended at the end of Act 2 (no attempt was made to present Act 3, for which Schönberg wrote only the text—the latter was merely printed in the programbook), the cheers rang out for the excellent principals, Forbes Robinson (Moses) and Richard Lewis (Aaron), the astonishing chorus, conductor Georg Solti and his splendid orchestra, and for producer Peter Hall. It was obvious that Covent Garden had achieved one of the most notable triumphs in its history with this supposedly unperformable opera.

To get the record straight, this was in fact the third stage production the opera has so far had, though the first to use an English translation and certainly the first fully to realize Schönberg's scenic demands. There, indeed, lay the rub for, as soon as word got about that Peter Hall proposed to use the taxpayer's money to show the slaughter of animals and a sexual orgy culminating in the ritual killing of four naked virgins, those staunch defenders of our morals such as the *News of the World* went into action and worked themselves into such a frenzy that, on the opening night, Covent Garden was surrounded by police and every exit was besieged by television cameras, bright lights, and interviewers.

I am delighted to report the abject failure of this disgraceful attempt to drag a great artistic event into the mire: those responsible only succeeded in making the present series of performances a total sell-out—thereby encouraging the Royal Opera House to plan a revival of the production next season or the year after that (originally Solti had considered the effort required for even a revival too great). In the event, the much-publicized orgy around the Golden Calf—though remarkably frank and uninhibited for a theater where, only sixteen years ago, the severed head of Jokanaan had to be hidden from the audience's view by a discreet piece of cloth!—commanded no more attention than Schönberg meant it to do; Peter Hall's brilliant production made this whole episode seem absolutely repellent and not in the least titillating, and it was his magnificent handling of the crowd scenes of Act I which really set the seal on one of the greatest theatrical experiences most of us have ever witnessed.

With a singing chorus of well over a hundred voices interspersed with a large crowd of supers, the stage resembled a seething cauldron of perpetual motion, while still enabling the incredibly complex choral writing to be performed with astonishing precision. In this context, the various miracles—rod into serpent, Moses's leprous hand, water turned to blood and back again to water—emerged as dramatic strokes of the first magnitude, and I am convinced that Hall's refusal to shirk the composer's scenic demands made it possible for the audience to come to terms with a score which might otherwise have been considered incomprehensible.

As for Solti and his musical staff, the mind boggles at their achievement in teaching this music to soloists, chorus and orchestra until they were able to perform it with such apparent confidence. There were a few questionable details, such as the use of electronic devices for dispersing the multiple voices from the Burning Bush to various points of the auditorium (from a design point of view, too, the Burning Bush and the Pillar of Fire represented the least successful aspects of John Bury's otherwise superbly imaginative sets). And this production proved yet again that the English language does not lend itself to the Schönbergian device of *Sprechgesang*—except for a few sung bars, the entire part of Moses is delivered in this manner, and Forbes Robinson fought a valiant but losing battle to make it sound convincing. This role needs a protagonist of really towering personality—a Hotter, no less—if the glib Aaron (beautifully sung by Richard Lewis) is not to dominate the proceedings but, such minor reservations notwithstanding, there can be no doubt that, in making a popular triumph out of *Moses and Aaron*, Solti has crowned his Covent Garden tenure with a feat none but he would have dreamed possible.

It is also worth noting that, while these performances have been taking place at the Royal Opera House, the entire company under Solti has been engaged in its first major recording assignment at its rehearsal center in East London. The work in question is Verdi's *Don Carlo*, which Decca is recording absolutely complete and with a formidable cast including Tebaldi (Elisabetta), Grace Bumbry (Eboli), Bergonzi (Don Carlo), Fischer-Dieskau (Rodrigo), and Nicolai Ghiaurov (King Philip). Covent Garden's plans for the coming season, after two *Ring* cycles in the early autumn, feature a new production of *Simone Boccanegra*, which Gobbi will produce with himself in the title-role; there will also be a new *Flying Dutchman* with David Ward, a Solti-Visconti *Rosenkavalier* in which Sena Jurinac, long renowned for her Oktavian, will sing the Marschallin for the first time, and, on behalf of Joan Sutherland, Donizetti's *La Fille du Regiment* is to be revived after an absence of decades.

EMI's July releases are chiefly notable for two further discs in the *Music Today* series sponsored by the Gulbenkian Foundation. One of these is devoted to works by four British composers of the younger generation and offers eloquent testimony of the varied talents now at work in this country. But it is the companion disc, which takes us across the channel to France, that is likely to create a real stir since it contains, in addition to such interesting scores as Koechlin's *Les Bandar-Log* and *Le soleil des eaux* for soprano, tenor, bass chorus and orchestra by Pierre Boulez, one of the greatest works by the still controversial Olivier Messiaen. This is an orchestral score entitled *Chronochromie*, an incredibly complex creation inspired, as so often with Messiaen, by the sounds of nature—especially birdsong and the movement of water. In the splendid performance by the BBC Symphony under Dorati, beautifully recorded, it makes a quite astonishing impact: you may hate this strange music or find it absolutely fascinating—but you can hardly feel indifferent towards it!

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Cheltenham Comes of Age

CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

CHELTENHAM is a beautiful town on the edge of the rolling Cotswold Hills, ninety miles west of London. Its imposing Regency buildings, and its street signs saying "Ladies' College—Please Drive Slowly," make an unlikely setting for the activities of the musical avant-garde. But for twenty-one successive years it has been the scene of a festival whose basic theme is "the presentation of new works by British composers and works by British composers of this century."

Some people feel that the avant-garde is too meagerly represented in the festival's programs, and certainly a good proportion of the music played could be regarded as *viex jeu* in comparison with the latest offerings of Warsaw, Vienna, Cologne, Donaueschingen, or for that matter New York and Los Angeles. But then Cheltenham is probably realistic in its estimate of the center of gravity of contemporary British music: for ever since the sixteenth-century madrigalists, and perhaps even longer, British composers have been somewhere between twenty and eighty years behind the latest European developments.

The important thing to remember is that this is in no way a value judgment. After all, Bach was old-fashioned in his own day. Enough straws are flying in the same direction at this moment to suggest that the wind of musical progress may have changed in the last few years. The pendulum, of course, has swung far away from the romanticism of the late nineteenth century, and equally far from the neo-classicism of the Twenties. But there are signs that, having reached an extreme of tortured intellectualism in the work of Stockhausen and other total serialists, it is on its way back to a more central position of what, at the risk of being thought fuddy-duddy, I would describe as comparative sanity.

The extremes of style at this year's festival brought a big, romantically conceived piano and orchestral work by Alan Bush, and, in the same program, Peter Maxwell Davies's fiercely intellectual *St. Michael Sonata* for Seventeen Wind Instruments. Further underlining the diversity of contemporary British music was the juxtaposition, two evenings later, of Walton's Second Symphony with *Quincunx for Orchestra* by the English twelve-tone pioneer Elisabeth Lutyens and the British premiere of Roberto Gerhard's coloristic Concerto for Orchestra.

So far I have been theorizing, but I must not oversimplify. From the trend I have outlined, it would be impossible to deduce any consistent evaluations of the works premiered at the 1965 Festival. The first two orchestral works premiered were the Second Symphony of Wilfred Josephs and the above-mentioned *Variations, Nocturne, and Finale on an English Sea-Song* by Alan Bush. Dr. Bush has done much for British music, both as a composer and as a teacher, but his new work seemed to me to fail of its own objective—which allowed my appraisal of that objective to recede into the background. The composer has set out to write an exhilarating virtuoso piece in the grand manner, but he has not achieved either the formal clarity or the beauty such a purpose demands.

Perhaps the reason I am not in complete sympathy with Bush's aims, quite apart from the question of his success in achieving them, is that the manner of his writing suggests, not so much a rejection, as an unsufficient awareness of what is going on and has gone on elsewhere in the musical world. His style seems somehow unreal, like a religious faith embraced without the overcoming of any profound doubts. In this respect the Josephs Symphony is entirely different. This work, too, has strong links with tradition, witnessed not only by its medium but by the strong tonal elements of its idiom. But Josephs, though only thirty-seven, has been through the twelve-tone method and has come out the other side, and his musical language, as well as his formal technique, has been strengthened by principles derived from a system he now basically rejects.

The warmth with which the symphony was received by the audience, and the almost unanimous enthusiasm of press comment, set the position of contemporary composers in Britain in ironic relief: for like many other excellent works it was recently rejected by the BBC's reading panel, and thus cannot be broadcast over the national network. The premiere was relegated to regional wavelengths, and would not have taken place but for the enthusiasm and determination of the conductor, George Hurst, who led the combined forces of the BBC Northern and Midland Light orchestras in a magnificent performance. One cannot help wondering at the impression the BBC's rejection of Josephs's Symphony will make when his Requiem, which won the First International Composing Competition of the City of Milan, is premiered at La Scala in October.

On the other side of the stylistic fence, one of the most exciting events of the festival was the first performance of *Music for Albion Moonlight*, by twenty-seven-year-old David Bedford. Though it employed chance elements, this imaginative setting of four poems by Kenneth Patchen showed careful planning, and great aural resource too. Its shattering emotional impact was a valuable reminder that it is not the technique but the use made of it that counts.

—BERNARD JACOBSON.

Dartmouth

Continued from page 35

Woodwind Quintet), a Sonata for Viola and Piano, a Trio for Clarinet, Violin, and Piano, *Fibonacci-Mobile*, and his Seventh Quartet (Op. 96). Again, the variety and quality of Krenek's work made the evening a fascinating experience. Interest centered naturally on the world premiere of the *Fibonacci-Mobile* for String Quartet, Two Pianists and Coordinator. The title is derived from the so-called Fibonacci-Series, which is a row of numbers, each of which is the sum of its two precedents (for example: 1-1-2-3-5-8-13-21-34-55). Against the complete material, consisting of eighty-one measures, as played by the two pianists, the individual strings play various melodies which can easily be arranged in numerous juxtapositions; then against a different set of eighty-one measures played by the two pianists, the strings entering at different points play their own respective fragments. "Either complex," Krenek explains, "consists of five sections of 34, 21, 8 and 5 measures respectively. The musical material of these sections is the same, progressively condensed. The work is called 'mobile' because numerous combinations of the various elements may be used." Five versions of this interesting set of combinations were conducted by Krenek. To approach music with such a mathematical concept may seem at first glance to be productive of a most sterile and unmusical result. But not so. The material itself is fascinating, and Krenek, when explaining the process of composing the pieces, admitted that he was not sure exactly what would happen when all of the individual parts were put together. He was surprised and pleased at the way it evolved. In the repeated performances, as one becomes accustomed to various sequences, it becomes completely intriguing to hear how the different melodic lines are pitted against one another. It is really a maze of mobile counterpoint, and, while the result is not dissimilar to various aleatoric processes, it is the product of complete control. But who is to say that control need necessarily be dull? The work was received with great enthusiasm. It had a virtuoso performance by pianists Martin Canin and Anthony di Bonaventura and the Dartmouth String Quartet, composed of Stuart Canin, David Cerone, Ralph Hersh, and Paul Olefsky.

Krenek's *Pentagram* is a bright, intriguing *tour de force* which achieves brilliance and interest without undue exploration of instrumental possibilities, for he never pushes his instruments into weird ranges merely for tonal effects. Equally intriguing was the Trio, with violin, piano and clarinet providing

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skillfully adjusted contrasts in timbre.

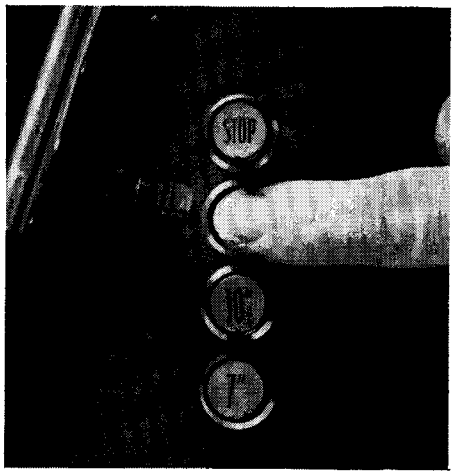
Despite an excellent performance of the Viola Sonata by Ralph Hersh and Martin Canin, the work itself seems rather ungrateful and was perhaps the weakest of the series. But, in contrast, Krenek's Seventh Quartet, which dates from 1943, graciously soars, sings, and behaves like a veritable masterpiece. It is one of Krenek's most distinguished efforts and can easily be placed among the finest quartets of our time.

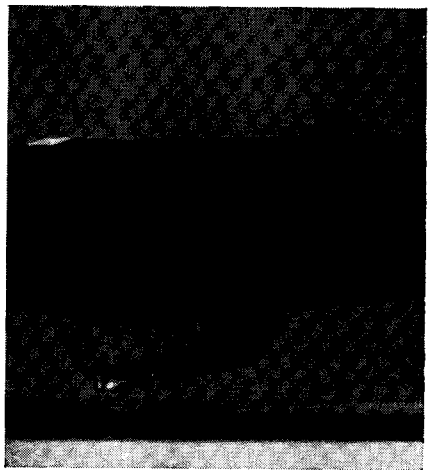
The concluding orchestral concert on Sunday, July 11, began with a sensitive performance of Haydn's Symphony No. 49—(*La Passione*) conducted by di Bonaventura. Krenek followed, conducting his *Symphonic Elegy for Strings* written in 1946 in memory of his Viennese friend and colleague Anton Webern. This is one of the better known works of Krenek and is a poignant and deeply felt tribute.

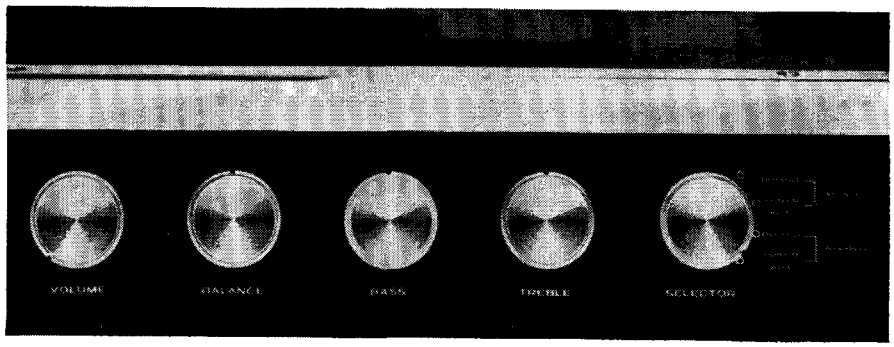
The concluding work was Krenek's Concerto for Two Pianos again featuring pianists Martin Canin and Anthony di Bonaventura. Brilliant is the adjective for this performance. The Concerto, written in 1951, is a work of five contrasting movements played without pause, and ending in a series of variations. At the conclusion of these concerts there was applause, not merely a perfunctory, polite expression of good manners but legitimate applause drawn, if not out of total appreciation, at least out of real and vital interest. The large audience that has been built up here is a remarkably perceptive one and, to say the least, Krenek, who has often encountered audience indifference, made a decided hit. It is a tribute to di Bonaventura who announced at the opening of Hopkins Center that one of its important functions is to produce creative listeners. Augmenting his concerts with a series of lectures, he has done much toward fulfilling this objective.

The interest of the student body, too, in the artistic activities of Dartmouth is obvious, and it was perhaps no ill-conceived idea to place all of the mail boxes in the middle of Hopkins Center. It insures at least a physical proximity of all the students to the arts. On a long wall beside the boxes there is a large bulletin board and on it, under the legend "Read This," I observed the following:

> Working as an usher for the Hopkins Center can be a most rewarding experience . . . you see the performances free . . . Certainly of even greater importance is the fact that in addition to exposing yourself to the fruits of this, the cultural center of the upper valley, you are helping to make these fruits available to others. You can help to spread the gospel of this congregation (of the arts). Better yourself and the lot of your fellow men—be an usher (and your soul will feel better).







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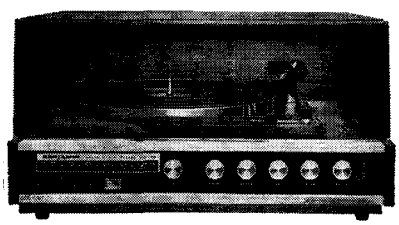

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

The Poet Speaks

Miss Selma Jeanne Cohen's article "Time for Dance in Sweden" [*SR*, June 26] was very well done, but I feel that to describe Brian Macdonald's ballet *While the Spider Slept* as a work "on the *Age of Anxiety* type of theme" is to miss the point, or at least to understate it considerably.

Although I was not in Stockholm to see the performance, Mr. Macdonald wrote me to describe it, and I don't see how anyone could have missed what it was all about:

> . . . The movement was a strange combination of ballet and modern dance, with some gestures and isolated muscle responses that tried to approach the fragmented quality of the music. These were sometimes seen in full light, sometimes in silhouette, and sometimes against photographs. The photos that Rolf Nordin, the Swedish film editor, had produced were extremely graphic in the way they swathed the dancers in Events. The screen behind them (it is a big lovely old opera house with a very deep stage) was so large that the dancers were often dwarfed, which is exactly the way, isn't it, to convey that events are so much bigger than people, and that individual will is microscopically reduced these days. The shots some moments suggested Gandhi and Hammarskjöld, mostly Kennedy, and in total were very powerful. Those two or three lines from your poem were quoted in English as the only programme note.

If the theme of the ballet were still obscure, perhaps I need add only that the title of the ballet, as well as the program note, was taken from my poem titled "November 22, 1963."

Lewis Turco.

Hillsdale, Mich.

The Quality of Parker

May 1, who some forty years ago in college spent many rehearsal hours that culminated in a first-rate performance of the *Hora Novissima*, take exception to a back-hand slap at the work and its composer, Horatio Parker? I am sure most of us who toiled on the production thought the music beautiful, written by a skilled hand in polyphonic terms. Mr. Oliver Daniel [*SR*, June 26] didn't like the technical aspects of the series of recordings. Some years ago I came into possession of a very poor recording of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, nevertheless I do not label the Fifth as hackneyed nor the composer a product of the Establishment of his day. Technical recording is distinct from skilled composing.

I could wish that a leading chorus with competent soloists and a qualified orchestra, under sympathetic directing, would perform the work for interested musicians.

D. Arthur Straight.

East Orange, N.J.

Editor's Note: *Oliver Daniel's comment on "Hora Novissima" left no doubt as to a distinction between the recording and the quality of the music, which he characterized as "an absolute bore."*

Rossini by Period

After reading John Ardoin's article *Culture from Patagonia* [*SR*, June 26], I must also report an excellent disc of excerpts from Rossini's *Il Conte Ory*, which bears pseudonyms for all concerned.

In this case Period "lifted" material from the 1962 Spoleto Festival. While I didn't attend the performances, I have seen an Italian video-tape of one of them on NET which confirmed my suspicions.

Many thanks to *Saturday Review* for helping to clear up the mystery of the phantom Patagonia Festival.

David W. Bursey.

Lynn, Mass.

'Recorded' Flagstad

Bruce Crissinger's speculation about HMV's Covent Garden recordings from actual performances of Wagner operas with Kirsten Flagstad—and probably Lauritz Melchior and Friedrich Schorr as well—is apparently much like my own. I also was surprised by the facts Mme. Flagstad revealed in her autobiography about these "complete" performances. The soprano's reference to having approved fragments certainly implies HMV had recorded the operas in their entirety.

It is understandable that the singers and conductors were hesitant to approve commercial release of these performances thirty years ago. The singers were then making or had made studio recordings of parts of the same material. In 1965, is it not conceivable that these artists might not feel differently about the matter, especially since the conductors were Beecham, Reiner, and possibly even Furtwängler? Mme. Flagstad was not above permitting London Records release of the 1965 Oslo *Götterdämmerung* broadcast, a worthy but hardly exceptional performance.

HMV's recording standards were high by the late Thirties, so surely the sound in these Covent Gardens recordings, if the master discs still exist, would be acceptable. Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" has been an important contribution to record collectors. Could there not now also be formed an "Important Live Performances" label to distribute material such as this from Covent Garden and other such from La Scala, Bayreuth and the Met?

Frederick Seinfelt.

Indiana, Pa.

Editor's Note: *For what it is worth, it may be noted that a sample of one such "take" (in the possession of the late Fritz Reiner) revealed a very uneven quality of reproduction. It should be remembered that tape was not available at that time for recording broadcasts, and pickup of such transmissions could be erratic.*

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"Lear"

Continued from page 37

played Hamlet in the smooth and vital voice of youth. Scofield has turned his magic throat into a new register for the part and without the slightest suggestion of the hammy cracks and quavers that pass as the standard stage version of the aged voice, he has simply turned into a majestic and mad old man for the part. The voice is enormously resonant though it can grow shrill in moments of rage. It is an age-roughened voice, gravelly, and worn, but pondered. At moments, though with a fuller tone, it reminds me of Robert Frost's voice. With or without reminders, it is a triumph of the man's art as an actor.

Ronnie Stevens, as Lear's Fool, is engaging. He plays the part just about as I imagine the boy actors of Shakespeare's own company must have acted it. Yet it seems all too much of one thing and I am left to believe there is more to be made of the lines than Stevens makes of them. The pity is that the Fool is too important to be played with mere adequacy. There are already enough roles in the play that offer no more than a chance to be professional: the Fool must be inspired.

Instead it is Andrew Keir as Kent and Robert Stephens as Edgar who steal second honors. The other players do everything one could expect of good actors and are offered little chance to do more. Cyril Cusack, for example, certainly manages to turn everything to advantage, and yet without persuading me that anyone's eyes have been put out in the would-be horrendous blinding scene. It is a fair question, in fact, to ask if any production or recording could make that scene half believable: Gloucester is simply given too much to say in the course of being blinded. Nature itself would strain to put him into shock, but the author keeps him talking.

I DO not mean to imply that Keir and Stephens are better actors than their fellows. Rather, they have the advantage of playing a role within a role, and thereby the chance to play in and out of their assumed identities. Thus they can bring a special coloration to their parts, and no actors of their ability are going to miss that added chance to turn in a performance.

The fact is that *Lear* is a difficult play and hardly one that is likely to be regularly produced or recorded. There still remains, I must believe, the possibility of a production that could offer a more memorable Fool, though it is certain that not all of us will be alive by the time a better Lear comes along. (Perhaps Charles Lamb put his finger on the center of it when he described the play as being "beyond all art" and incapable of being acted.) This side of mortality, in any case, collectors of Shakespeare-on-record will do well to go along with this one and certainly any teacher who means to convey a living sense of Shakespeare must have it available.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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(Continued from page 47)

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WANTED: Elementary School Principalship in warm, dry climate, western hemisphere, by retiring Indiana principal. Female, 61, successful; training, experience exceptional. Thelma Cook, Bargersville, Indiana.

ARTIST wants to join cooperative graphics studio (etching) fall '65, Philadelphia, Boston or New York. Box N-848.

PERSONALS

URGENTLY NEEDED! FULL-TIME VOLUNTEER for responsible supervisory job at Recording for the Blind, 215 East 58th Street, NYC. Please call Mrs. Davidson, PLaza 1-0860, Ext. 54.

WRITER-EDITOR, male, nationally published, with solid academic background, seeks assignments in speech writing, rewriting, corporate PR. Box K-329.

FORMER ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE (10 years) currently in travel agency (all phases of domestic and F.I.T.) desirous excellent opportunity in either field or combination of both. Box N-732.

CLASSIC GUITAR LESSONS—Teacher trained Paris, Vienna, Berlin. Prefer advanced students; will accept some beginners. Fredric Lehrman, PLaza 5-1817, NYC.

SHARE EXPENSES. Fall trip Spain. Business girl over 28. Box N-861.

CAPABLE CARTOONIST SOUGHT to collaborate with college teacher on serious comic strip. Box N-850.

YOUNG WOMAN, gentle, responsive personality, desires position household manager, driver, general factotum to discerning person. Box N-857.

FRENCH NATIVE lady teacher, personable, Master's, 15 years experience, desires college instructorship, mild climate. Box N-882.

HELP! Married college graduate, A.B., Peace Corps, good Spanish, PR training, extremely opinionated, won most arguments with personnel men; lost all the jobs. Box N-866.

SEEK TALENTED, CONTEMPORARY lyric writer, to collaborate, aiming for publication on royalty basis, with composer of popular music of unusual caliber and appeal, newcomer to USA, NYC, scorer of many hits abroad. Box N-878.

M.A. IN ENGLISH, graduate minor in secondary education desires position in college or high school. Experienced. Box N-852.

ADMINISTRATOR-MANAGER of nonprofit cultural institution with million dollar annual budget interested in new position. Will consider administrative, promotional, fund raising post in any field. Extensive experience program planning and architectural consultation. Twenty years with present organization. Box N-873.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SECRETARY GENERAL of World Association of World Federalists needed. To reside in The Hague but able to travel widely. Mature European, fluent in English, French and Spanish, preferred. Must have administrative ability, diplomatic talent and good personality. Political and/or international organization experience desirable. Salary $15,000. Box N-870, Saturday Review.

WANTED: Executive hostess for small luxury beauty resort in southern California. 40-60 year old professional lady, retired physician or college teacher who enjoys people. Salary equal to ability. Live in. Send particulars to Box N-471.

COLLEGE GRADUATES—Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background, Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel, with N. Y. City base. Reply promptly. Interviews, New York area. Box M-846 Saturday Review.

EDUCATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES. New Jersey educational organization seeks mature professional educators as representatives in Atlanta, Chicago and Dallas. Travel necessary. Liberal arts undergraduate degree, M.A. education, plus six years classroom teaching at early grade level desired. Aggressive interest in sales career opportunity and ability to interpret educational innovation required. Please send resume and minimum salary to: Box N-863.

WANTED: Writer-photographer regional magazine. Must know New Hampshire, have good story sense. Box N-865.

BOOK IMPORTER, White Plains, N.Y., needs multilingual, accurate typist. Pleasant conditions. 914-WH 8-0138.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Farms, magnificent views. Acreage. Houses. Harold W. Ross, Realtor. Bondville. 802-824-6000.

SNEDEN'S LANDING, N.Y. Much loved, 10 room house in unique rural community forty minutes from midtown Manhattan. Box N-879.

ASPEN—Striking, spacious, recently built, 4 bedroom chalet on ¾ acre, in beautiful Alpine setting, in fabulous Aspen. Mason and Morse, Real Estate, Box Q, Aspen, Colorado.

NORTHERN ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. Secluded lodge. 6 rooms plus small apartment. Fireplace, 3 baths, privacy. $24,000. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

CHARMING OLD BRICK country home 5 miles from small college town. 4 bedrooms and 3 baths. Maid's quarters with bath. On 42 acres—restful view. Will rent furnished. Kinnear-Mead Real Estate, Lexington, Virginia.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N.Y. Converted barn on magnificent river-view acres. Privacy, charm, excellent commuting. $54,500. Call 914-WI 1-1785, Box N-875.

NORTHPORT, LONG ISLAND—Really carefree living and the most spectacular (50 mile) view of anywhere on L.I. is yours in the nearly new 3 bedroom ranch, high on a bluff overlooking Northport Harbor and Connecticut. Maintenance free all around cedar shingles. Stainless steel kitchen. 2 tile baths. Dining room, living room, fireplace. Sailor-golfer transferred to Hartford. $29,500. Frederick E. Beyer, Broker, 516-AN 1-6767.

For Sale—Furnished

VERMONT RETREAT. 5 rooms and bath, furnished. 3 acres with splendid view of mountains. Cellar, furnace, water, electricity. Needs some grooming but worth it. Price only $5,300. Mario Corti, Lyndonville, Vermont.

For Rent

EASTERN SHORE RIVERFRONT. Beautiful view. Modern house, fireplaces. Woods, secluded. Sandy beach, hunting. One year $1,500. Kathman, Preston, Maryland.

For Rent—Furnished

HALF AN HISTORIC furnished house on Dorset/Somerset/Devon borders, England. All conveniences, 3 bedrooms, usual offices, maid. Hunting, fishing, sailing. 3 hours London. Box N-883.

For Summer Rental

BERKSHIRE FOOTHILLS, cottage on 300 wooded acres. 2 large rooms, kitchenette, bath. Adults. August $225. Mrs. Robert Linscott, Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

MANHATTAN, Stuyvesant Town area. New building, 3½ rooms—30' living room, bedroom, kitchen, 4 walk-in closets. 2 air conditioners, dishwasher—free gas. Convenient all transportation. Available for sublet—$157 monthly. Box N-796.

For Rent—Furnished

PARIS, FRANCE. Apartment—5 rooms, Left Bank, from October, year or more. Box N-872.

(Continued on page 50)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 49)

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Unique 5 acre setting. Unparalleled views of ocean. Private beach, tennis. SR Box N-734.

FOUR SEASON MOUNTAINTOP LIVING at Tyrol, Jackson, N.H. We erect Bavarian chalets and contemporary Deck House vacation homes on magnificent lots (average elevation 2,000 feet) with panoramic views of entire Presidential Range. Easy financing available. Restaurant and ski area on premises. Olympic sized pool, sauna bath planned. Write Dept. SR-65, Leeland Realty, Lexington, Massachusetts.

SUMMIT, N.J.—Quality lot bordering county reservation. Over 16,000 sq. ft. Utilities. New York commuting. Owner adjacent, seeks neighbors with quiet humours. $20,500. 201-273-7121, Box N-821.

BERKSHIRE AREA. 3 to 10 acre homesites near Tanglewood, ski areas. 30 mile views, splendid seclusion, beautiful all seasons. Brochure. Overlook, Hillsdale, N.Y. 12529.

MAINE—SOUTHEAST COASTAL—Unimproved scenic oceanfront lots available to discerning buyers of culture and integrity. Possible terms. Box N-849.

120 ACRES AND CABIN in western Colorado. Excellent fishing and hunting base or all year living. $4,900. Other listings $50 to $150 per acre. K-G Associates, Box 95, Carbondale, Colorado.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Elmer 24, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ARE YOU THINKING about retirement? Peace of mind? Making ends meet? Keeping well? Meeting new friends? A program giving you independence, security, freedom and dignity. In the newest colonial apartment-like building completely within your means. Life lease fee and modest basic monthly care fee providing your needs. Located in suburban-residential Richmond, Indiana. Good food, friends, facilities and transportation. Write J. J. Boomgard, Jr., Friends Fellowship Community, Inc., Executive Offices, 1106 East Main Street, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping, with good transportation. Meals, services, and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

VACATIONS

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

WINDY HILL, RD, Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232.

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack-trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

THE FLYING CLOUD, 1771 inn resort for that memorable vacation, high in the lush, green Berkshires, at New Marlboro, Massachusetts. 413-229-2113.

VACATIONS

MANHATTAN SPECIAL VACATION WEEK—Theaters, Hotel, World's Fair, Sightseeing, etc., $85. Write SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 10019.

OGUNQUIT. Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

NO COCKTAIL LOUNGE—the warmth of spirit obviates the need for spirits. Clean, comfortable guest accommodations, and a well-set table in a dining room that takes its beauty from breathtaking view of 7,500 mountaintop acres. All sports, including golf, tennis, boating, fishing . . . and more. Hay rides, cook-outs, nature walks, movies, ping-pong, children's programs, and so forth. AND lectures, seminars, workshops and other activities designed to refresh you culturally and spiritually. Not expensive, compared to other resorts. 450 guests; many of them get to be best of friends, and bring others. Come for a day—you'll be back! Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Dept. SR, New Paltz, N.Y. . . . 90 miles from NYC. 914-256-2211.

ADVENTURE! WILDERNESS EXPEDITIONS. Solitude, beauty, avolation. Box 1012B, Evergreen, Colorado.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

PLACE TO UNWIND: Read, stroll, plunder garden, contemplate hills. Limited; exclusive. Box 84, Oneida, New York.

SEPTEMBER IN COLORADO. Sparkling Indian summer days, golden hillsides, snow-crowned peaks. Can you come? Snowmass Lodge Guest Ranch, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

THE YODLER—Rooms, efficiencies, heated pool, chalets, relaxation. Stowe, Vermont.

SUITS US FARM—for small fry and their parents. Baby animals for cuddling, heated pool, tennis, luscious food, modern facilities. Weekly, adults $45, children $30. Alexander Rabeler, Bovina Center, N.Y.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet. Restful. Informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Swimming Pool. Golf. May 28th to October 17th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

CHAITS. Modern, Informal. Integrated. Art Classes. Swimming, Tennis, Folk Dancing, Day Camp. Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

QUIET SEASIDE ROOMS with complete breakfasts. Red Inn, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

IN A RUT? Loafer's paradise! No honeymooners, teenagers. Mile to Pocono Playhouse. Pool, lake, lounge, dining room. WOODSIDE, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Books and brooks. Deluscious food. Filtered pool. Private baths. Near Woodstock. 914-688-7761.

UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

WINDHAM HILL FARM. West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

VACATIONS

FLOOD BROOK HOUSE, Vermont, Route 11, midway between Peru and Londonderry. Cool, 1,600'—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 a day with dinner and breakfast (most people prefer lunch out). Come and try us—$6.50 overnight with a "real" breakfast, $5.00 without meals. Housekeeping apartment available. Gertrude and Robert Roessle. 802-824-5918.

YOU'LL LIKE Seton Inn Spa on Lakewood, N.J. golf course. Only 40 guests. Informal. Pool, free golf midweek, free massage. Dietician, diet optional. Air-conditioned. Direct phone: 212-WO 2-4360.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer Rates. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

TRAVEL

YACHT CRUISING INFORMATION BUREAU. Good selection comfortable cruising yachts—Caribbean, Greek Islands, French Rivers. Write, stating area information required, enclosing $1 for airmail reply. The International Marine Agency Limited, BCM/IMAL, London, W.C. 1.

BEACHCOMB BAHAMAS SHORES in exotic Outer Islands. Informal 10 day cruise aboard exciting, comfortable 150' Catamaran Schooner. From $175. Brochure. "Tropic Rover," 2011-K S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

FOR SINGLES ONLY—an experience of your life. Enjoy single life in Mexico, booking with "Singles Tour Parties," operated by Alffer Travel Service, Independencia 71, Mexico City, Mexico.

GLOBAL CIRCLE TOUR. Around the world in 60 days. Completely escorted, departures in September and October. $2,950. Dittmann Tours, Northfield, Minnesota.

TO THE WORLD'S FAIR—going abroad? Store your car safely in Jersey City. Indoors; inexpensive. Bergen-Journal Square Garage, 871 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City 6, N.J. 201-HE 3-3802. Can arrange to pick up, deliver your car. James S. Allardice Management.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area. Only one block from non-stop subway to the World's Fair . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV. . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

U-PLAN-IT—Unique folders for independent travelers to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Aruba—Jamaica—Nassau—Mexico—and Miami Beach. Includes hotel and sightseeing descriptions and rates, restaurants, night life and car rental information. Guaranteed air and hotel reservations. Contact Gramercy Tours, Dept. SR, 444 Madison Avenue, NYC 10022 or your travel agent.

SAIL AWAY on SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

WANDERLUST? Roam the world at stay home prices, as a seasoned traveler, instead of a tourist. Free details. Bestseller Books, 40-21XA Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1634

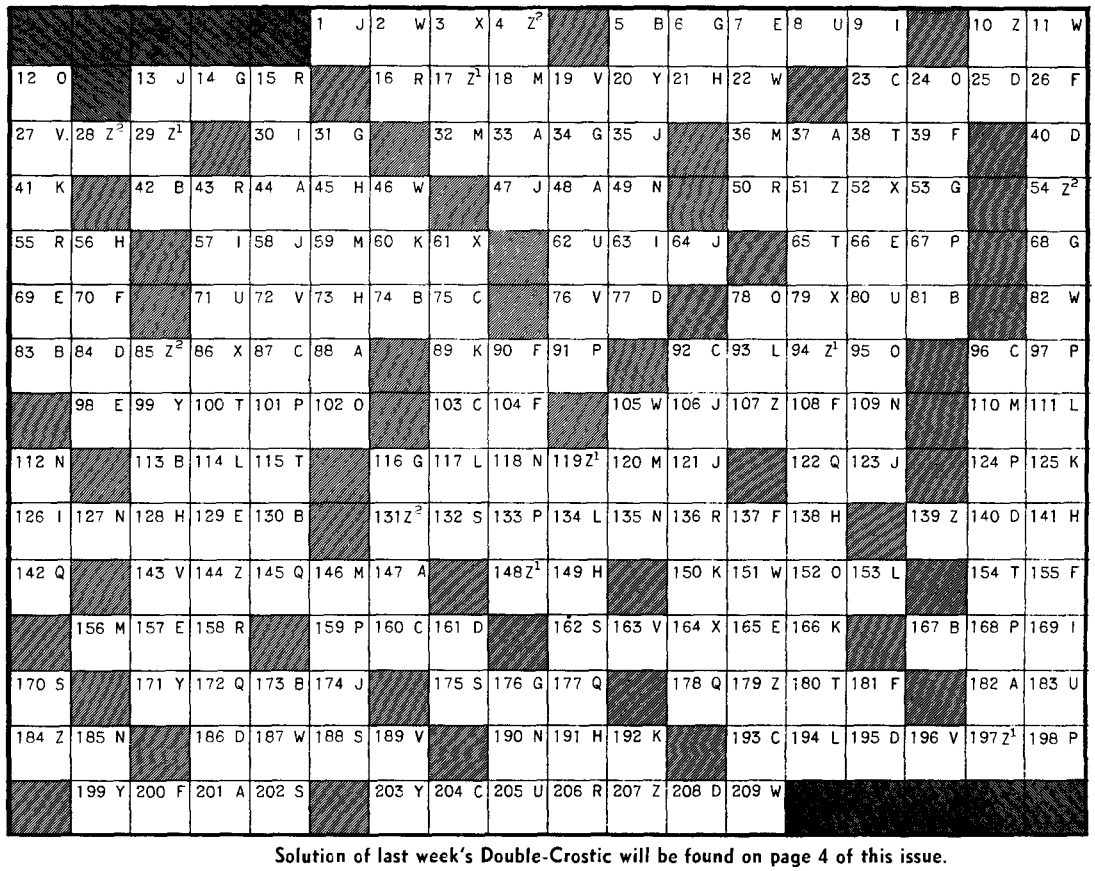
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Made less liberal; lessened the breadth of.	48 33 88 201 37 182 44 147
B. Three wds. which introduce comparisons with *paint*, for impudence; with a rose, for beauty and fragrance; etc.	173 5 167 81 83 42 74 113 130
C. What Milne's James the snail gave "in danger" (2 wds.; *The Four Friends*)	75 103 87 96 160 92 193 23 204
D. Heraldic panel, hung cornerwise, announcing a death.	186 84 161 25 140 195 208 77 40
E. A writer's afterthoughts.	157 129 165 7 69 98 66
F. Famous gate of entrance to Jerusalem, which allowed insufficient headroom for a camel (2 wds.)	90 39 104 70 108 200 181 26 155 137
G. Give a hint.	14 116 53 176 34 68 6 31
H. Sows the seeds of; brings forth.	149 128 73 45 191 138 141 21 56
I. Site of famous Shalimar Gardens of Shah Jahan.	63 57 30 169 126 9
J. Term in organic chemistry for an atom or group which, introduced into a compound, reduces its fluorescence.	58 47 174 13 106 123 64 1 121 35
K. Given name of the bass De Reszke, at the Met in the Nineties.	166 150 41 60 89 125 192
L. Adjective somewhat contemptuous of certain art objects and the recently rich.	114 93 117 134 153 194 111
M. Fiery; hot-tempered.	32 36 59 146 120 110 18 156
N. General term in the Bible for a servant girl.	185 127 112 49 118 190 135 109
O. Occasional plight of a rash bidder at bridge (2 wds.; following *to be*)	95 102 78 12 24 152
P. All the people in the world, or at least all the people one knows.	124 101 97 168 198 159 133 91 67
Q. Boys.	142 122 145 178 172 177
R. David Copperfield's young lawyer friend (surname).	50 158 55 16 136 43 206 15
S. Article which can be noisy with tongs; constructive with nails; alarming with a sickle.	175 162 170 188 202 132
T. Incarnate.	180 38 154 100 65 115
U. In Arthurian legend, the Lady of the Lake.	205 80 8 183 62 71
V. Clear-cut and direct.	76 27 143 196 163 72 19 189
W. Pounce upon, in the manner of a bird of prey (2 wds.)	22 105 11 187 46 209 151 82 2
X. Where Penelope awaited Odysseus.	164 61 86 52 3 79
Y. Snug breeches and stockings in one, formerly worn by Irish and Scots.	171 99 20 199 203
Z. Completely.	144 107 184 207 179 10 51 139
Z^1. Predominant characteristic of the scene in a bombed city.	17 94 119 148 197 29
Z^2. General condition of the man's house in Matthew, when he returned to it.	28 54 4 131 85

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 4 of this issue.

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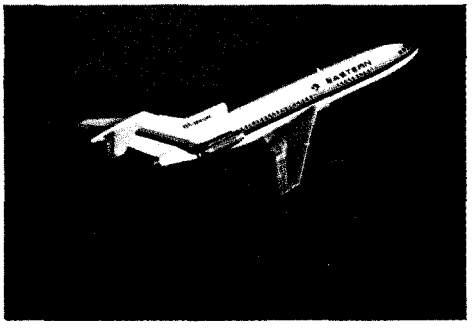
Why does Eastern serve imported vintage wines in crystal by Rosenthal?

For the same reason Eastern's Whisperjet fleet will soon total 50.



Why does every Eastern flight crew go back to school each year? Why can you enjoy a dinner by Old Original Bookbinder's on First Class Famous Restaurant flights from Philadelphia? Why has Eastern installed a system-wide computer that confirms reservations in 4/5 of a second?

Why do we continue to introduce quiet new comfort, and convenience, on Eastern? For one reason: to make it the finest airline you've ever flown on. And everything we do to assure this becomes a new way for us to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern."

EASTERN

See how much better an airline can be

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